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Historical Society  
OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



March, 1935. Volume XVII, Number I

Quarterly Publication

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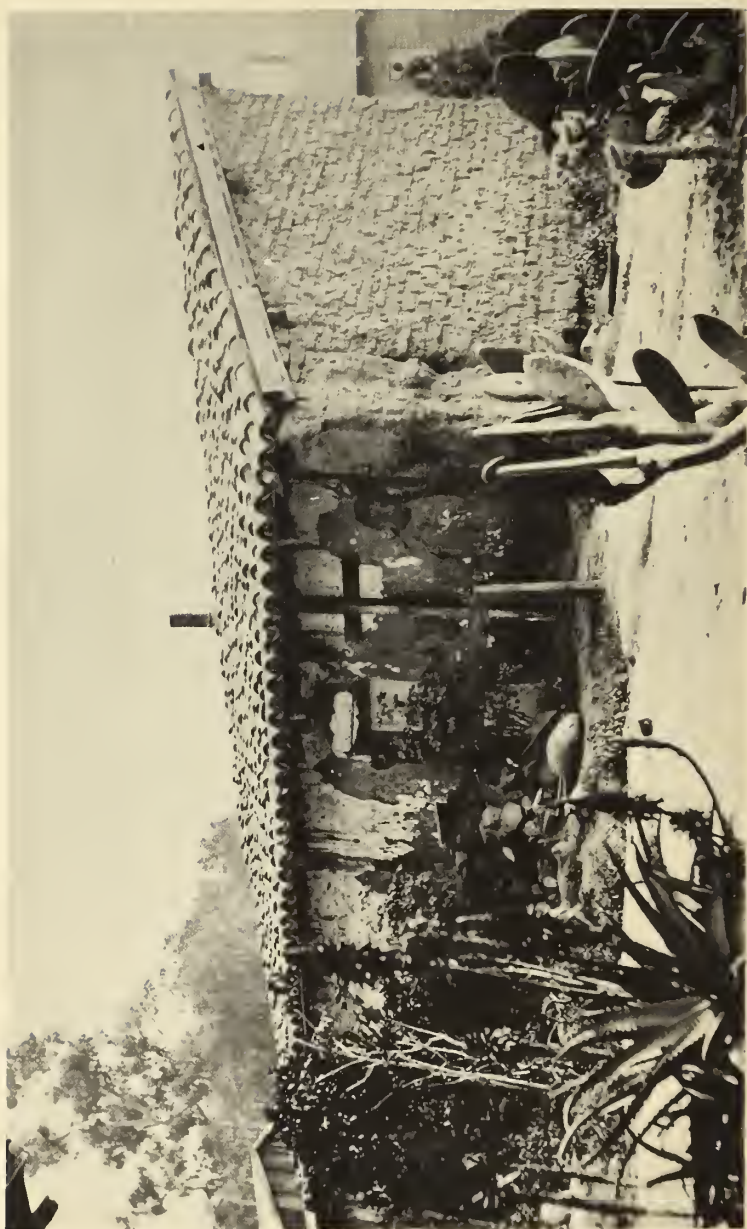
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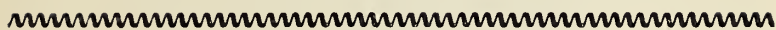






La Casa Tejada, picturesque south wing of the Hacienda Aguilar.

Historical Society  
OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Quarterly Publication

March, 1935

Los Angeles, California

Green County, Indiana 1880-1881  
St. Waples, Indiana



## EDITOR'S NOTE

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With this issue, the "Publication" of the Historical Society of Southern California appears not only in a new dress but under a new plan. For more than forty years the Society has issued its publications but once each year. Following the practice adopted by numerous other organizations of like character, however, it has now been determined to publish a "Quarterly," which will not only serve to keep the members in closer touch with the organization's activities, but should result in a renewed interest in the Society's efforts to protect and preserve the important historical values of this area which are today so rapidly slipping away.

It is proposed to publish four numbers of the Quarterly during the remaining months of 1935, and thereafter it will appear in March, June, September and December of each year. Owing to financial considerations, mere size has not been considered a particular desideratum, but your editorial board will actively concern itself with the quality of the material to be printed. To this end, members of the Society are urged to send articles and other material of historic import to the Chairman of the Publication Committee for consideration, and also to advise him respecting any similar material of value which may come to their attention and which they may believe worthy of publication. With the cooperation of every member it is felt that this venture on the part of the Society cannot fail to meet with success.

The typographic design of this new publication is the work of Mr. Ward Ritchie, one of the members of the Society, to whom likewise the actual printing has been entrusted. We would appreciate the advice and suggestions of members upon any phase of the appearance, form or content of this Quarterly.

Carl I. Wheat

*Chairman, Publication Committee*

Frederick Webb Hodge

J. Gregg Layne

Henry R. Wagner

*Editorial Board*

# HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

*Organized November 1, 1883  
Incorporated February 13, 1891*

1935

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Quarterly Publication of the  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



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*Top:* Shades of the bandit Juan Flores haunt, the Tomás Burruel adobe. *Center:* José Antonio Yorba II adobe, ancestral home of the Yorbas. *Bottom:* Casa de tapanco con alto of the Oyhárzabales.



## Old San Juan

Last Stronghold of Spanish California

By ALFONSO YORBA

Hidden amid the rounded brown hills of the southland in the little green valley of San Juan Capistrano, half way between Los Angeles and San Diego, the last of the old Spanish pueblo towns sleeps on into 1935 almost untouched by the modern world. A long row of old adobe houses lines the main street—U.S. Highway 101—and in all corners of the little town one finds the crumbling adobes of yesterday.

Here in sleepy San Juan the Spanish Californian vaqueros still stride about the town with jingling spurs, silken bandanas, and black, flat topped Spanish hats. Here too is the home of the fandangos, of the *Son*, the *Jota*, and the *Jarabe*. From behind the thick white walls and through the open doorway comes the soft strumming of the guitar as old melodies, now lost to most of California, are revived for the fandangos of San Juan Capistrano.

A cavalcade of riders from the huge unbroken Spanish ranchos sweeps into town at a gallop. Here an Ávila, there a Pico, a Yorba, an Aguilar, a Valenzuela, and a Sepúlveda—old names brought from ancient Spain to her newest province back in the 1760's by adventurous young volunteer soldiers who in their later years were to live as grandes on the crown lands granted them by a grateful king.



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Dominated by their mother, the far-famed "Jewel of the Missions," with its 157 year old Serra church, the fourteen old *casas de tapanco* of the mission pueblo lend to Capistrano town an atmosphere now long lost to the rest of the state. Practically all of these adobes were built by the Indian neophytes of the mission as parts of the mission establishment between 1794 and 1807 according to the reports of the missionary Padres describing their building activities.

Just to the east of the mission the rambling old Cañedo adobe with the sagging posts of its long veranda planted in a dirt floor, untouched by modern hands, presents a sight seldom seen in this era of "re-stored" adobes. Built between 1794 and 1807 for the Cañedo soldiers of the mission guard, it has never left the hands of the original family. In 1862 its owner Don Salvador Cañedo, waxing rich on his herds, sent his vaqueros north to San Francisco to dispose of enough cattle to dispatch a ship load of lumber. With the wood he intended to raise a shingle roof, install wooden floors, and spacious corridors. But the vaqueros returned from the long trip with the germs of the black smallpox, and in the resulting epidemic nearly 150 Indians and Spaniards were carried away—among them Don Salvador, who, out of the shipload of lumber, received only enough for a coffin and a cross, the rest being used for like service to the other victims.

An old tile roof farther down the street attracts one to the Hacienda Aguilar, though only a fragment is left of the large establishment of the last of the Mexican alcaldes of Capistrano, Don Blas Aguilar. The northern wing of ten rooms is known as the "*Casa de Esperanza*," and has been made into a treasure house of Old California by the grandson of Don Blas, Don Juan Aguilar, whose future plans for the house include rebuilding fallen walls about the patio and installing a Spanish tea garden and museum. While choice Navajo rugs cover the floors, the walls and partitions of the huge adobe are hung with sombre oil paintings and rare old serapes—of a type no longer made. Swords, daggers, and one of those famous California lances from the battle of San Pasqual are to be seen, along with branding irons of the old ranchos, choice Indian stonework, wampum, old coins, rare Manila and China shawls, and a chest full of aged documents. At the foot of the 1795 four-poster bed of Spanish cherry wood brought around the Horn from Spain is an old leather-bound chest, painted with multicolored designs and studded with brass nails. Up in the Cañedo adobe in which lived Don Juan's father, Don Jesús



## Old San Juan

Aguilar, are five more of these chests, of bright red leather, artfully decorated.

Nowhere in all California is there a spot so completely Californian. And for those who would see how the last alcalde, Don Blas, lived from 1841 to 1885, the door of the "*Casa Tejada*," forming the south wing, and belonging to Don Manuel Manríquez y Aguilar, is thrown open. The flooring is of old mission tiles, and above, over the crude wooden beams, may be seen the century-and-a-half-old Spanish roof tiles—for this house was constructed in the 1790's, and if we may believe tradition, its first occupant was Isidro Aguilar, the half-Aztec stone mason from Culiacán, who from 1799 to 1803 superintended the building of the great stone church at Capistrano. From then until 1841 when Don Blas Aguilar, ex-mayordomo of the Mission San Diego, purchased it from Zeferino Taroge, last Indian chanter of the mission, it served as the dwelling of the Spanish mayordomos of San Juan Capistrano Mission.

Leaving the Hacienda Aguilar with the parting *adiós* of its hospitable owner, the next adobe, at the end of the street, beckons darkly from sombre shadows beneath heavy foliage. But dark as it appears, its story is even darker. Here until a few years ago lived the famed Chola Martina, who, three quarters of a century ago, as the beautiful young sweetheart of the *bandido* Juan Flores, played the key part in more than one bold assassination, including the massacre of Sheriff Barton and his entire posse near *Los Alisos*, not far away. In 1858 she caused the German Jew, Don Jorge Pflugardt, to open his door, while her lover, his six-shooter resting on her shoulder, calmly blew out the unfortunate merchant's brains. Some say Flores entered with his band to eat the murdered man's supper. Her lover dead and her beauty gone, the Chola Martina lingered on to a great old age in the sombre, shadow-shrouded adobe, scarcely changed since the handsome and dashing young bandit chieftain tied his gaily-caparisoned horse to these very posts of the old verandah. Its present owner, Doña Josefina Ybarra de Hunn, inherited it from her god-father, Don Tomás Burruel, whose servant was the Chola Martina.

Almost straight to the west, the long, ancestral home of the Yorbas with its aristocratic colonnaded corridor, faces us, fronting on the main highway. Here Don José Antonio Yorba II, eldest son and namesake of the Alférez José Antonio Yorba (who came to California in 1769 as a corporal in Pedro Fages' Royal Catalán Volunteer troops)

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had his home long before 1841 when the Mission Indian Pueblo was finally broken up and its broad lands and seventy odd adobe houses were awarded to the few remaining Indians and to pioneer Spanish families. For in that manner was founded the short-lived Pueblo de San Juan de Argüello, as Capistrano was then temporarily re-named. Aside from bearing the oldest name in the region, Don José Antonio seems to have had the largest family, for in the 1860's we find him ceding over the house to his son Miguel and the latter's numerous descendants, while he retired to the royal grant, Santiago de Santa Ana, his other sons dispersing to Santa Ana, Las Bolsas, Los Angeles, and, as in the case of the writer's great-grandfather, Don José Antonio Yorba III, even to La Frontera, in Baja California. The San Juan Capistrano Yorbas are the oldest branch of the Yorba family in California, the Santa Ana Yorbas being descended from younger brothers of Don José A. Yorba II. The south part of this adobe, formerly separated from the rest by a narrow passageway, was the old *Juzgado*, or court room of the pueblo, and the thick-walled west wing, still standing, was the *calabozo*, or jail.

To the north stands another finely preserved Yorba adobe, with sparkling white walls and deep green window cases and porches. It was the pueblo house of Don Domingo Yorba, once proud lord of the Rancho Nigüil at El Toro, where he maintained two more adobes and a large wooden ranch headquarters. Both of these ancestral homes passed from the Yorba family in days of want when the ranchos, cattle, sheep, and horses melted away and the pastoral days of the Dons came to a close.

Next is the two story *casa de tapanco* of the late Don Domingo Oyhárzabal. It was built by Don Manuel García in the forties, and boasts an elegant carved and painted Spanish balcony running the full length of the upstairs corridor. In the 1880's it was acquired by Don Domingo, the wealthy Basque sheep man, in whose family it remains today.

But little remains today of the high-ceilinged, aristocratic adobe just to the north of the Oyhárzabales. Its green shutters are faded and its old timbered corridor has decayed, and of Don Juan Ávila, "El Rico's," fine long mansion of the forties, fifties, and sixties, only the southern three rooms, palatial though they are, remain. In the late 70's a disastrous fire destroyed the interior of the greater portion to the north, and it was never rebuilt. Once extending from the remain-



*Top:* Remnant of the Juan Ávila adobe, *El Rico's* mansion of yesterday. *Center:* Scene of the fandangos: *Casa de los Ríos*. *Bottom:* Doña Polonia's adobe.





## Old San Juan

ing portion northward almost to the corner, the town-house of rich and influential Don Juan Ávila long remained one of the most elegant mansions of all California. There, in a subterranean chamber beneath his bedroom, Don Juan kept his huge treasure chest—so heavy that eight people could hardly drag it from the burning house to safety. The ultimate fate of a strong box of *onzas de oro*, on top of which Don Juan placed his gold watch bearing a miniature of his wife, Doña Soledad Yorba, which he extracted from the chest at that time, has long troubled treasure seekers at San Juan.

Before reaching the corner north of Juan Ávila's home one passes an inconspicuous shoe shop. Four feet back from the front windows, enclosed behind a modern "front," stands the Pedro Valenzuela adobe. Only from the rear can the old walls be seen unimpeded. Here lived Antonio Valenzuela, grantee of this house and 200 varas of pueblo land in 1841. His son Pedro, the second owner, died here in 1871, to be succeeded by the house's last Valenzuela owner, the celebrated vaquero Ambrosio Valenzuela, best rider among the Rancho Santa Margarita's host of crack cowboys. Don Ambrosio died as he had lived—in the saddle—leaving a large family of boys, all top-notch vaqueros of the pueblo town today.

To the left, a little street leads down the hill to the ancient *Casa de los Ríos*. Built in 1794 by Indian neophytes for their own use, it has remained in the possession of the direct descendants of the original Mission Indian family for 140 years. In 1933 after the earthquake had tumbled some walls, an adobe brick over the western portal was discovered on which, while still wet, had been traced the distinct date "1794." It is the scene each week-end of the old fandangos which the Ríos have never abandoned since Mission days. In an enramada of branches laced with rawhide, and in the little cafe by the road the Ríos family maintain a Spanish California kitchen where the old Californian dishes are served under the shadow of the ancestral adobe.

A brief visit to the José M. Silvas adobe, four houses down the street from the corner south of the Ríos, gives a good impression of the dozen or more little one-room Indian adobes that until a few years ago lined this crooked and rambling old *Calle Occidental*. These same whitewashed picket fences, running half the length of the street, once enclosed scores of such adobes as this, before cheap lumber brought about the change. Indeed, in the late 1870's there were in San Juan Capistrano over sixty adobe houses, scores of

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Indians of the ex-Mission, and remnants of the great bandit bands of Joaquín Murrieta, Juan Flores, Tiburcio Vásquez, and others. The coming of the railroad ended the town's isolation, and the *bandidos* withdrew to Sonora and Lower California, leaving long rows of old adobes to melt down with the rains, unheeded, while their descendants were content to live in little wooden shacks near the ruins.

Two houses north of the Ríos adobe stands the long-dilapidated adobe of Doña Polonia Montáñez, famous character in Monsignore St. John O'Sullivan's and Mr. Saunder's charming book "*Capistrano Nights*." In the no longer extant chapel that stood in the north part of the tile paved corridor the *Alabanzas de Mayo* and other religious ceremonies were held during the long period when the Mission was closed and deserted. The building now belongs to Don Rodolfo Yorba.

Leaving the pueblo and climbing the first hill to the east brings into view one of the Indian adobes that overlooked the great orchard and garden of the mission in the flat below. The few visitors to the pueblo who care to motor farther up the cañon, here and there passing a lone vaquero riding disdainfully beside the orange groves, may be rewarded with a glimpse of another beautiful old *casa de tapanco* amid the orange trees to the south of the road. The Miguel Parra adobe boasts not only the old *rejas*, or iron window bars of long ago, but also wooden shutters without and glass windows within. It stands uninhabited beneath the tall olive trees and enveloping rows of citrus.

A quick dash back to the coast about a mile and a half south of Capistrano and one is on the *Rancho Boca de la Playa*, whose aged adobe rancho house occupies the edge of the hill overlooking the valley and the ocean. Built as a headquarters for the mission's thriving trade in hides and tallow with the Yankee ships, on one of which came Richard Dana to immortalize this roadstead and these cliffs in his "*Two Years Before the Mast*," the large mission adobe was acquired by an alcalde of San Juan, Don Emígdio Véjar, along with the choice lands of *Rancho Boca de la Playa*. Passing to the Pryor family from Pablo Pryor's father-in-law, Juan Ávila, the large adobe hacienda and a portion of the Rancho now belong to Don Miguel Yorba's family. Within, the highly polished beams of the ceiling, the thick walls, deep carpets and crystal chandeliers make it one of the most beautiful adobes in all California.

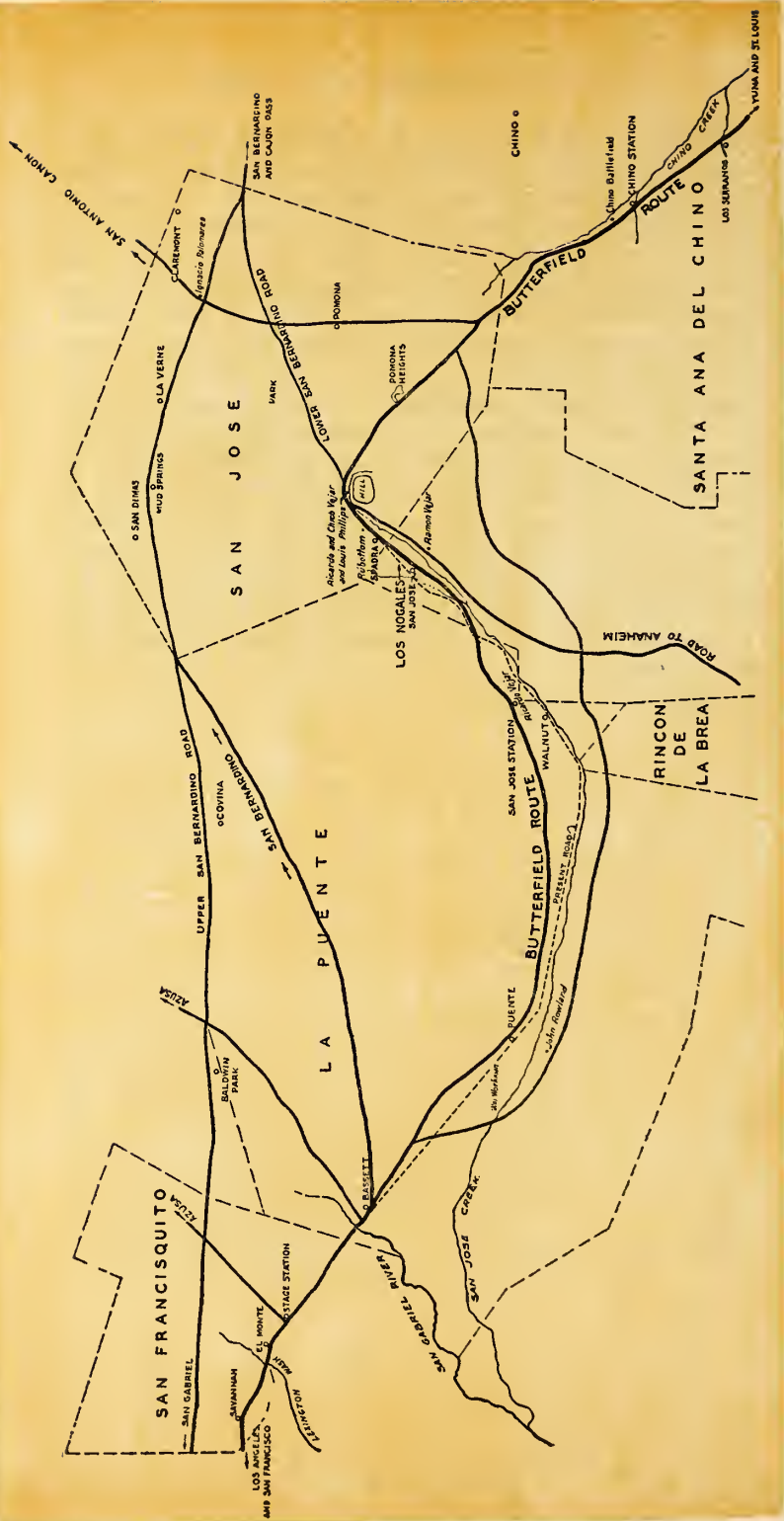
Back in the pueblo the dusk is gathering and the *Californios* are

## Old San Juan

coming in from the ranchos to spend the early part of the evening in the town. The early comers hasten down to the *rebote* (Basque handball) court, built through the munificence of the rich Oyhá-zabales behind the Pedro Valenzuela adobe—for *rebote* is the “national sport” of Old San Juan. Here the supposedly tired *labradores* vie with shop keepers, until the lordly *vaqueros* come in, hitching their horses, and casting off their spurs and sombreros. Tying multi-colored bandana handkerchiefs about their heads they plunge into the *rebote* game, boots and all.

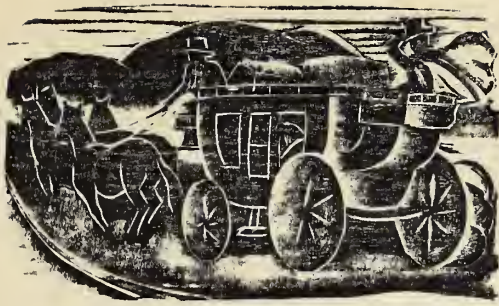
At the *rebote* court, in the post office, at the mission, and about the streets it is “¿Qué hubo vale Cuchi?” “¿Buenas noches, Don Juan!” “¿Qué dices tú, Loco?”—for Castillian is still the mother tongue of the San Juaneños, and nicknames or *sobrenombres* hold sway as of old. Because one of Ambrosio Valenzuela’s cowboy sons was always losing his pencil at school, all posterity will know him as “Lápiz,” while his other brother is known as “El Loco,” and the eldest of the three as “El Chapo.” The writer of these lines became “El Zafado”—because he wrote them—and so it goes in laughing, singing, Old Californian San Juan.

*¡Adiosito amigos!*



THE BUTTERFIELD AND OTHER EARLY ROUTES  
ALFRED JONES, COUNTY SURVEYOR, LOS ANGELES COUNTY





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## The Butterfield Stage Route

And other Historic Routes Eastward from Los Angeles

By ROY M. FRYER

The Butterfield Stages commenced operation between San Francisco, California, and St. Louis, Missouri, in 1858 and were run for only three years, with the result that little personal knowledge of their operations is at present the property of living persons. And despite careful research no published mention of their route through the valleys eastward from Los Angeles has been found, except the schedule of stations, which states that the route proceeded from Los Angeles to El Monte, thirteen miles, from El Monte to San José, twelve miles, and from San José to Chino, twelve miles. The precise route which they followed is, however, a matter of historic interest, and was made the subject of this study.\*

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*\*This study was undertaken because of the conflict of opinion and tradition current upon the subject, and in order to facilitate the placing of appropriate markers along the route. Fortunately, it was undertaken in time to obtain the testimony of persons who had first-hand information on the various routes in question, three of the writer's informants having passed away since the work was commenced. This material was made the subject of an address before the Pomona Valley Historical Society before being condensed into the present article.*

*The writer's maternal grandfather, R. S. Arnett, and his family came to Northern California in 1853 and to what is now Pomona in 1868. His paternal grandfather, R. C. Fryer, and his family settled at El Monte in 1852 and came to Spadra in 1867. Much of the information not obtained from individual informants was obtained from the County Surveyor of Los Angeles County.*

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Although the probable course was soon apparent to the writer, it was not established to his entire satisfaction until he had obtained direct information from two persons who had ridden over it in the early days,—Jesse Mayhew, who died at Chino in 1931 at the age of 79 and who described the route through the Chino Ranch and east to Spadra, and J. E. Pleasants, of Orange County, who died on June 13, 1934, at the age of 94 years and who described the route from Los Angeles to the Pomona Valley. Mr. Pleasants rode from Chino to Los Angeles in a Butterfield Stage in 1859, and also drove over the route in company with William Wolfskill on a trip from Los Angeles to Arizona in the same year. The data secured from these informants coincided precisely with that gleaned from documentary sources.

The location of the station called "San José" was at first puzzling, but was finally established on the testimony of no less than four men: Kewen Dorsey, who died during the past year at the age of 75 years; Antonio Reyes, 82, and Louis Reyes, 100, of Spadra; and Antonio Martinez, of Walnut. All were native sons and the last three lived near the site most of their lives. Dorsey was the grandson of William Rubottom, owner of the stage station at Spadra, and had lived with him.

The Butterfield Stage line was an outgrowth of the desire for better transportation and mail service. At that time mail came to California twice a month by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the trip requiring twenty-five days, including the transfer across the isthmus,—provided the boats arrived on time. The overland trip at that time frequently required six months or more.

In March, 1857, the Post Office Appropriation bill was passed, giving authority to the Postmaster General to contract for the overland transportation of mail, and on September 15 of that year a six-year contract was made with the Butterfield Overland Mail Company, with a subsidy of \$600,000 annually, for a semi-weekly service between St. Louis and San Francisco by way of Los Angeles, a distance of about 2,700 miles, the trip to be made in twenty-five days or less. The head of this company was John Butterfield, who had been a stage driver and was interested in stage, freight and express lines in the east.

Politics entered into this contract as it often does into government contracts today. The southern route was chosen because southern people were in power. It ran south of the Mason and Dixon line be-

## The Butterfield Stage Route

cause the southern people wanted to develop more southern territory, and to accomplish this the route had to be much longer than any other overland route would have been. It was a gigantic undertaking which many thought would never be accomplished, and its operation required over 100 stages, 1000 horses, 500 mules and 750 men.

On September 15, 1858, stages were started from each end of the line. Both stages made the trip in less than 24 days, and the arrival in San Francisco was celebrated with a parade, fireworks and general rejoicing. The stage line continued until 1861. The southern states were then seceding; the northern states were no longer interested; Indians were molesting it, and the service was discontinued.

In 1858, the Bella Union was the leading hotel in Los Angeles, and it was the central starting point for the stage lines which radiated out from the Pueblo,—to San Pedro, San Diego, San Francisco, and now to the eastern states. Later the hotel's name was changed to the St. Charles, and the old building still stands at 314 North Main Street, retaining none of its former grandeur, and now only a Mexican rooming house.

From the Bella Union, the route of the Butterfield Stages ran east along Aliso Street and over the old Aliso Road (now Lyon Street and Macy Street). The Los Angeles River was crossed where Macy Street bridge now stands. Instead of following the Mission Road, the route went south and east of the site of the present County Hospital, and joined the present Valley Boulevard near where the Golden State Auto Camp now stands. From this point the route of the Valley Boulevard was almost exactly followed until the San Gabriel River was reached. The route did not go by San Gabriel which would have made it longer, but passed the old El Monte Cemetery (started about 1853) and ran through El Monte, which had been founded about 1851 and which in 1858 was a growing American village. The El Monte station was the Willow Grove Hotel, kept by Ira Thomson, who came to El Monte in 1851, and was one of its leading citizens. The hotel was located east of the site of the El Monte High School, on the spot now occupied by the Valley Creamery.

The crossing of the San Gabriel was about where the highway bridge now stands, and the stream had a reputation for quicksand. The road after leaving the river ran north of the present boulevard. It passed some old ruins near where the present Puente High School stands, which probably were formerly Mission granaries. It went

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through the upper part of what is now Puente and then ran north of the present boulevard and skirted the foothills, following approximately the Puente Road as surveyed in 1870, which was used until after 1900 and part of which is still in use. On the right along San José Creek would be seen the homes of John Rowland and William Workman, to whom were granted the *Rancho La Puente* in 1845. Farther along were the homes of the Ybarras on the right, upon the *Rancho Rincon de la Brea*, granted to Gil Ybarra in 1841. About one-half mile north of the present Walnut store would be passed the home of Santiago Martinez, who came to California with John Rowland. The ruins of his house stand in a walnut grove now belonging to M. A. St. Clair of Walnut.

About a quarter of a mile farther on was the station of San José, northeast of the present Walnut, where E. R. Forster has built his home on the original site. Here was the home of Ricardo Vejar from 1844 to 1882. He was one of the original owners of the San José Ranch, which was granted to Ignacio Palomares, Louis Arenas and Ricardo Vejar in 1837 and 1840. He also owned the *Rancho Los Nogales*, purchased from the heirs of José de la Luz Linares, the original grantee in 1840. Vejar was considered one of the wealthiest men of the county at that time and with his sons Ramon and Francisco farmed all the land from his home to the ranchos of the Palomares family near Ganesha Park in what is now Pomona. This entire area was known as "San José," but most of the population at that time was centered in the district which Vejar farmed rather than near the home of Ignacio Palomares. Vejar's home was the scene of elections for the San José Township. There was also here a chapel where the padres from San Gabriel held services on Sundays, and the bell hung from a pepper tree which still stands in front of Mr. Forster's residence. This spot, incidentally, is twelve miles from the El Monte station and a similar distance from the Chino station, thus tallying with the old stage schedules.

From this point the route proceeded in a general northeasterly direction, crossing the present boulevard near the entrance to the Spadra Narcotic Hospital. It crossed the San José Creek near its junction with its branch from the north side of the valley, which crossing is marked on the survey of the *Rancho Los Nogales* made in 1859. The road from this point ran south of the present boulevard until it joined it about where the Spadra store now stands and fol-



## The Butterfield Stage Route

lowed it from this point until it reached the home of Francisco Vejar, who lived in an adobe which in 1864 became the home of Louis Phillips, and in which the Pomona lodge of Odd Fellows was organized in 1875. It passed the home of Ramon Vejar, who then lived at the old adobe built in 1855, now owned by the Diamond Bar Ranch. A few feet north of where the Pomona Sewage Disposal plant now stands was the original home of Ricardo Vejar from 1837 to 1844, before he moved to Walnut. Also near this spot the roads forked, one branch continuing northeast to San Bernardino and the Cajon Pass, the other turning southeast toward Arizona. The Butterfield route crossed Pomona's Fifth Avenue and the orchards of Mrs. Beasley, went by Pomona Heights and touched the lower end of South Garey Avenue, from which point it followed the present road through a low spot in the hills and then followed a direct course past what is now the administration building of the California Junior Republic, where a marker has been placed by the local Chapter of D. A. R. testifying that the route went that way. It passed the homesite of Isaac Williams north of the hill where Mrs. Fowler later lived and where the Battle of Chino was fought in 1846. Ramon Vejar, who was attempting to recapture his horse which the soldiers had taken from his father's home, witnessed this battle from the hill. He was then only a boy.

The stage station at Chino was at the home of Robert Carlyle where the dairy barn of the California Junior Republic now stands. From here the road proceeded in a general southeasterly direction passing near the home of Joe Bridger, where the Los Serranos Club is now located.

Isaac Williams was the son-in-law of Antonio Maria Lugo, the original owner of the Chino Ranch, and owned and operated it until his death in 1856. It was thereafter managed by Williams' son-in-law, Robert Carlyle, until his death in a bloody shooting affray at the Bella Union hotel in 1865, after which the ranch was managed by Joe Bridger, another son-in-law of Isaac Williams.

Beyond the home of Joe Bridger the road was almost identical with the old road to Rincon, now Prado. About three miles from Bridger's home it passed the home of Raimundo Yorba, built in 1807, according to Mrs. Julia Fuqua, the present owner, who has reconstructed this old adobe in commendable fashion. This was later the home of F. H. Slaughter, Mrs. Fuqua's father, who purchased this property in 1868.

## Historical Society of Southern California

The next station was Temescal about five miles beyond the present city of Corona. The agent was a Mr. Greenwade, the stepfather of Kewen Dorsey. Recently a marker was placed on this spot by the Women's Club of Corona.

The opinion has at times been expressed that the route of the Butterfield Stages ran north of the San José Hills by way of Mud Springs, past the present sites of LaVerne, San Dimas and Covina. This impression may be explained by the fact that there were many different lines of stages operating at different times, and this view probably originated from a confusion of these different lines. Also, it has been stated that the Butterfield Stages traveled that route at times during the wet season, since it was the dryer route. However, the evidence now at hand proves that the route above described was the regular and usual route of these stages.

The Butterfield route was also an army route. The writer's parents often spoke of the soldiers camping near their home at Spadra when they first came there. Lieut. R. S. Williamson, when surveying a route for a railroad in 1853, passed Puente Ranch, and approximately followed a portion of the Butterfield route when going to San Bernardino, as shown by his map and notes.

The road was also an immigrant route. Judge Benjamin Hayes used it, camping at the Chino Ranch on January 29, 1850, and thence proceeding west by the beautiful valley of the San José until he camped at John Rowland's. After settling in Los Angeles he wrote of passing over this same road through the San José Valley in the 'fifties and 'sixties, and of enjoying the hospitality of the Rowland, Ybarra, Vejar, Palomares and Alvarado families. Other pioneers have also mentioned the use of this route by immigrants.

The minutes of the Board of Supervisors in 1870 refer to the road from Los Angeles leading through Spadra as the San José road, and to the road leading from Spadra, which has here been described, as the Fort Yuma road.

The branch road to which reference has been made, leading from a point near Spadra to San Bernardino, was also an important and much-traveled road in the 'fifties, 'sixties and 'seventies. It was a stage road to San Bernardino, and over it much freight was hauled to that point and thence over the Cajon Pass. Its general direction was from Spadra toward the Red Hill, near Cucamonga. Before the day of wagons and stages it was probably the route followed by the padres

## The Butterfield Stage Route

from San Gabriel to San Bernardino. Orange Grove Avenue from the city limits of Pomona on the west, to Garey avenue, is almost identical with this old road. It passed by the homes of the Alvarado and Palomares families, near what is now Ganesha Park, and also by the home of Louis Arenas, near what are now Gibbs and McKinley Streets, where there was a large spring and watering place called the Aguaje, and near where the home of Fred J. Smith now stands, at the corner of Cucamonga and San Antonio Avenues.

The minutes of the Board of Supervisors of April 4, 1853, describe the upper San Bernardino road as going from Los Angeles by way of San Gabriel and Cucamonga to San Bernardino, and also refer to the older route in use before that time. A portion of this route, if not identical, would have been almost identical with the routes followed by DeAnza in 1774 and 1776, and by Jedidiah Smith in 1826. It crossed the San Gabriel River slightly north of a point west of the present Baldwin Park and followed a general easterly direction to Mud Springs. Covina Boulevard from about a mile east of Baldwin Park to Grand Avenue is almost identical with this old road, which very nearly followed the north line of the *Rancho La Puente*.

From the Butterfield route, near its crossing of the San Gabriel, a road led to Azusa which was used extensively during the 'sixties when there was considerable mining being carried on in the San Gabriel Cañon. Where this road crossed the upper San Bernardino road about one mile east of Baldwin Park was the spot known as "Four Corners" where there was a store and post office.

Mud Springs, a camping place and the site of a stage station from 1861 to 1871, operated by a Mr. Clancy, was located just east of where the Santa Fé railroad crosses Cienega Avenue, southeast of San Dimas. From Mud Springs to Los Angeles the stages and freight teams usually went by way of El Monte. There was a shorter road leading almost directly to the San Gabriel Crossing on the lower route, or they could have gone by the "Four Corners" and down the Azusa road or crossed at the upper crossing from which they could go past El Monte or past San Gabriel.

The upper San Bernardino road passed the present city of LaVerne near the Santa Fé railroad and proceeded thence almost directly to the old adobe on Cucamonga Avenue, built by Ignacio Palomares in 1855. From this point it joined the lower San Bernardino road near the county line.

## Historical Society of Southern California

Beginning in the 'fifties, in addition to the stages and freight from Los Angeles to San Bernardino, there was a great amount of freight hauled to Salt Lake and somewhat later even to Idaho and Montana, as this was the only outlet from these areas to the ocean which was open all the year round. There is no way now to tell how much of this traffic was originally over the upper or over the lower road, but after the establishment of the hotel by William Rubottom at Spadra in 1866 this route practically absorbed all the traffic and caused the abandonment of the Mud Springs station by the Clancy's, after which Spadra became the principal place and stage station between San Bernardino and Los Angeles.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The importance of the Butterfield Overland Mail in the history of Southern California is rapidly becoming recognized, and it is the purpose of the Editorial Board, from time to time, to publish further material relating to this remarkable enterprise. A well-documented account of Butterfield's operations from the pen of L. R. Hafen appeared in the Quarterly of the California Historical Society, Vol. II, No. 3, October, 1923. In the 1896 "Annual of the Historical Society of Southern California," H. D. Barrows, past president of the society, wrote an article on the Butterfield Stage Route entitled "A Two Thousand Mile Stage Ride," which were his and his wife's experiences on the ride from Los Angeles to St. Louis. They left from in front of the Bella Union Hotel on Main Street in Los Angeles, December 17, 1860, and arrived in St. Louis in a little over eighteen days.*]





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## Jose Maria Flores

### California's Great Mexican Patriot

By J. GREGG LAYNE

One of the outstanding men in California during the latter part of the Mexican regime, and the real leader of the *Californios* through the period of the American Conquest was Don José Maria Flores who became virtually the last governor of the Department under the Mexican flag. He was born at the *Hacienda de los Ornos* in Coahuila, Mexico, and came to California in 1842 as a captain in Micheltorena's Battalion, acting as the Governor's secretary.

Flores was a man of good education and breeding, and soon forged to the front after reaching the territory, marrying into one of the really aristocratic families, for in July 1843, he became the husband of Maria Dolores Francisca, the daughter of Don Agustin Vicente Zamorano, undoubtedly the most cultured man of the time in Alta California. In many respects Flores was very much like his distinguished father-in-law, both as a leader and a patriot.

From the very earliest moment, he avowed his hatred toward the Americans, and was one of the signers of the ratification of the Plan of San Luis Potosí, at the Junta of April 2nd, 1846, at Monterey, which was nothing more or less than an expression of undying hatred and uncompromising hostility toward the United States. And in a

## Historical Society of Southern California

letter to Pio Pico, dated July 3rd, 1846, Flores directly charged the United States Government with having secretly directed, protected, and supported the Bear Flag Revolution. In the same letter he further claimed that the United States had deliberately resolved to possess California at any cost, and to use any means to accomplish this end.

On August 13th, Commodore Stockton quietly took possession of the City of Los Angeles, at that time the Capital of California, and Governor Pico and General Castro, Military *Comandante* of the Department, fled to Baja California, and Sonora, while Andres Pico and José Maria Flores were captured and released on their parole of honor, not to bear arms against the United States during the period of the War. Hardly a month had passed when they both broke their parole, and Flores gathered a band of 300 Californians, besieged the garrison of the United States forces at Los Angeles, and forced Lieutenant Gillespie and his small band of Americans to retire to San Pedro, where fortunately they were met by a larger force of Americans under Capt. Mervine.

José Maria Flores was a prolific writer of letters and pronouncements, and on October 1st, 1846, he issued his famous "*pronunciamiento Contra los Americanos*," which has become historic, and is a most outstanding example of fiery threats and fury.

On October 26th, 1846, he reorganized the Departmental Assembly, and by that Assembly he was made both Civil and Military Governor of California. On January 1st, 1847, in a letter to the American Commander-in-Chief, he signed himself, "Governor and Commanding General of the National Forces," again showing his real patriotism by urging that no more bloodshed be had, that his countrymen might suffer as little as possible. Stockton, however, refused to treat with him, claiming that Flores had broken his parole of honor, and that no recognition could be made of him.

After the Capitulation of Cahuenga was signed by Andres Pico and Frémont, General Flores, still the patriot, escaped to Sonora, rather than live under the flag of the United States, which he hated. He left Los Angeles on the 11th of January, 1847. In Northern Mexico he became prominent in Government service and was for several years Military Inspector of the Colonies of the West.

Flores was of course forced to leave his family, his wife and three children, in California. They were left under the care of his wife's brother-in-law, Henry Dalton, and Pio Pico has stated that in June,

## José Maria Flores

1849, Flores made application to go to California for them, but was refused permission to do so. Little else is known of his life after that time, except that Judge Benjamin Hayes, who had access to many out of the way records, states that Flores died in Mazatlan in April or May, 1866, without ever again making contact with the family he had deserted.

The letter which is here published was written by General Flores on December 10, 1846, to the Minister of Hacienda at Mexico City. It was found by Mr. Roger Dalton, of Azusa, among the papers of his grandfather, Henry Dalton. The letter is a further proof of José Maria Flores' earnest patriotism, and is undoubtedly the last letter written by him in California, for certainly little time was allotted him to write other letters between the date of this letter and that of his departure.

The letter may never have been sent to its intended destination, but may have been left with Henry Dalton, as a sort of promissory note, to be used by him in the event that Flores should meet with fatality, and the Mexican Government should survive in California, for Bancroft states that it was Henry Dalton, the Los Angeles merchant, who furnished the supplies mentioned in the letter, though Flores did not name him. This last letter of José Maria Flores is an interesting document of California History.

## The Flores Letter

*Political and Military Government of California*

*Most Excellent Sir:*

*The critical and painful circumstances in which the department under my provisional charge finds itself, my difficult and compromising position, and the imperative duty of taking care of the subsistence and the necessary pay of the valiant troops who are fighting in defense of the integrity of our national territory, all these considerations have obliged me to make some loans from some merchants of*

## Historical Society of Southern California

*this city, who have accepted drafts against the supreme government.*

*Your Excellency must be well aware that this department has not been able to count on any other funds than the products of the custom house at Monterey, which is now occupied by the invading forces of the United States of North America. Thus the only method of providing resources for the continuation of the war which is being carried on against that ambitious nation has been to solicit loans from some merchants. There is no doubt that the conditions are very severe since over and above the value of the goods, the food, or the currency which they have provided, 100 per cent has been added for interest. But what can be done? In the unfortunate condition of having either to abandon the country on account of a lack of resources and supplies for war or take them at excessive prices; to see die of hunger and nakedness a valiant soldier who on the Field of Honor has known how to expose his life in defense of liberty and independence of the country; to take a loaf of bread or a shirt at a gold PESO, I have thought I ought to sacrifice everything rather than see trampled underfoot the rights of the nation, the more so as the enormous distance which separates this department from the metropolis prevents it from being opportunely aided with all that is necessary. It is also to be said that this is a country absolutely lacking in supplies and materials for war as well as circulating currency. In consequence, if there is anyone who can, or is willing to provide resources for the use of the government, it is at an exorbitant interest, and in effects, in goods or eatables at a false price. Thus what costs the government a PESO in goods has the value of only two REALES, partly on account of increasing the prices of the goods and partly for the interest on the loan, which is double.*

*Therefore, in order to be able to mitigate the hunger and the nakedness of the troops and to provide myself to a certain degree with the means of defense, I have been obliged to take up the matter with the merchants, who have told me "If I trust you for a FANEGA of wheat which I sell for four PESOS you have to give me eight." I have to take it or let my soldiers die of hunger. There is the case of an arroba of powder which is worth thirty PESOS to the government but on credit costs sixty. What can I do? I either take it, or if not have nothing with which to defend myself from the enemy. The same thing is true of arms, and as there is the added circumstance that there are no arms to choose from, either the government will*



## The Flores Letter

*succumb through its necessities or will lose its independence.*

*Such is the sad and constrained situation in which I find myself, and as you can understand because of the fact that I have the disposition of an enormous sum of money according to the drafts which I have drawn, it seemed to me advisable to advise your Excellency of the details of these contracts, so that you can see that the sum of 98,969 PESOS and 7 REALES, the total of the drafts which I have drawn, is due to the increase of the price of the goods and the interest of 100 per cent at which they have been provided, the same as money, arms, powder, etc.*

*If for any reason my conduct shall not merit the approbation of the supreme government and it tries to lay on me the responsibility, it never can say that I did not use all the means at my command to carry out the noble enterprise of a vigorous and valiant people who without resources and without arms and without leaders has shaken off the yoke of its oppressors and victoriously sustained on the field of battle the honor and the rights of its country as far as its weak forces have permitted.*

*Will your Excellency kindly communicate what I have set forth to his Excellency the President of the Republic and receive my sincere consideration and respects.*

*God and Liberty, the General Headquarters of Los Angeles, Alta California, December 10, 1846.*

*[Signed] José M. Flores*

*Most Excellent Sir, the Minister of Hacienda*



# Translating the Spanish Archives

of Los Angeles County

By MARION PARKS

The first quarter of 1934-35 has witnessed the fulfilment in somewhat unusual and unexpected ways, of certain ambitions long cherished by the Historical Society of Southern California, for the work of translating the original Spanish archives of Los Angeles County, deferred for nearly a century, has now definitely been launched, and the even more urgent need of securing permanent preservation of these fast disintegrating documents has been accomplished. On the initiative of the Historical Society the former is being carried out as a project of the State Emergency Relief Administration, and the latter has been arranged by cooperative agreement between the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County, the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, and the Historical Society.

On January 24, 1935, the Historical Society presented "Beaux and Belles of Yesterday," a colorful and picturesque theatrical program in which an extremely valuable collection of historic costumes was shown, as a benefit performance, with the object of establishing a fund for the translation and publication of the old Spanish archives. Much public interest was aroused as a result, and plans for immediate translation were pushed forward through the assistance and cooperation of the S.E.R.A. organization. The writer, as secretary of the Society, has been named supervisor of the translation project, and various scholars from among the membership have consented to assist in the final editing of the work.

A staff of sixteen translators and eight typists was arranged for by

Silla 3.º de Real  
Habilitado provisionalmente por la Secretaría del  
Pueblo de los Angeles para los años del 1834 y 1835.

Ignacio  
P.

Orio

Mayo 13 de 1834.

En vista del antecedente informe del R. P. Ministro  
de la Union de San Fernando en que asegura sea falsa  
la enoncion del Medico Medefonso Ortega compraventa  
de su hijo del finado Miguel Ortega; notifique  
le al citado Medefonso que comparezca su dicho y el  
deputado que tiene, tanto al Ramo de las Vices en el  
como al de Vini que demanda la Union, ante  
el Alcalde el Pueblo y los Angeles quien duera  
una vez expediente para su resolution. El Sr. D.  
Jose Figueroa general de Brigada, Comandante  
general y jefe superior de Vini del Territorio de la  
alta California, en lo mandó decretar y firmo  
que doy fe.

Jose Figueroa

Agustin P. Jimenez





## Spanish Archives of Los Angeles

the S.E.R.A., and among the group of workers have appeared several native Californians whose interest in the project is enhanced by many references found among the documents to the affairs and activities of their ancestors. The records are embraced in some twelve hundred manuscript pages, and cover a great variety of subjects. They include petitions for land-holdings, controversies regarding the sale of hides and tallow, distribution of estates, with minute lists of personal and household possessions, orders regarding horse races and the bets offered and collected, claims for mines in adjacent mountains, and countless other subjects. Among them appear time after time the names and signatures of those who founded Southern California and who participated in the events of its early growth and development. Of particular interest are references throwing light upon the activities of such early American citizens of the Southland as John Temple, Abel Stearns, William Wolfskill, Richard Laughlin and Stephen C. Foster.

In short, the old, brittle, soiled and yellow pages, with their difficult, complicated scrawls in hundreds of varied handwritings, their spectacular and decorative signatures and rubrics, give a comprehensive picture of human life and the concerns of men in Southern California one hundred years ago, revealing and illustrating many facts of significance, especially in the transition period between old Spanish and early American days. Relating to affairs of the Prefecture of Los Angeles, from 1825 to 1850, they are concerned with the whole wide region from what is now Ventura County south to San Juan Capistrano.

Many years ago these papers were gathered together, filed in a rough sequence, and bound into three large volumes. The backs of these have become worn and broken, and the pages themselves plainly show the ravages of eighty years of handling in the office of the Recorder of Los Angeles County. To preserve them, in accord with a California state statute relating to documents filed prior to 1871, these valuable historical records have been assigned jointly to the Historical Society and the Huntington Library, where they will be held in scientific care for preservation and exhibition. In order to comply with the provisions of the statute, the Huntington Library is generously contributing complete photostatic copies of the originals, a file of which is to remain available for reference in the office of the Recorder.

## MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

JANUARY 8, 1935

*Board of Education Rooms, Chamber of Commerce Building,  
Los Angeles.*

### "THE GUIDE-BOOK OF THE FORTY-NINERS"

A highly informative and valuable lecture by DR. JOHN CAUGHEY,  
History Department, University of California at Los Angeles.

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS FOR 1935

JANUARY 24, 1935

*A theatrical benefit program at the Major Theatre, Friday Morning  
Club Building, Los Angeles.*

### "BEAUX AND BELLES OF YESTERDAY"

A colorful presentation in tableaux and entertainment features of  
valuable historic costume collections dating from 1750 to 1900 for  
the benefit of the publications fund, to translate and publish the  
original Spanish archives of Los Angeles County.

FEBRUARY 5, 1935

*Board of Education Rooms, Chamber of Commerce Building,  
Los Angeles.*

### "THE HISTORY OF SAN GABRIEL CANYON AND ENVIRONS"

The personal and family reminiscences of historic Rancho Azusa and  
its neighborhood, well told by ROGER DALTON, grandson of Don  
Enrique Dalton, original owner of the noted Mexican land grant.

MARCH 5, 1935

*Board of Education Rooms, Chamber of Commerce Building,  
Los Angeles.*

### "EXPLORING ARCHIVES WITH A CAMERA"

An account by DR. GEORGE P. HAMMOND, Professor of History,  
University of Southern California, of adventures and discoveries in  
the archives of Mexico City, with illustrations of samples and method  
of the unusual research work Dr. Hammond has carried on.





Historical Society  
OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



June, 1935. Volume XVII, Number II

Quarterly Publication

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to make of this *Quarterly* a publication of interest to all members of the Society, as well as a journal of lasting historical and scholarly import. If this end is to be attained the full support and cooperation of the members will be required. Accordingly, suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and members and other readers of this publication are invited to submit original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material pertaining to the history of Southern California and neighboring regions, for consideration by the editors.

Additional copies of this *Quarterly* may be purchased from the Society, the price to members being 75 cents per copy, and to non-members \$1.00 per copy.

June 1935. Volume XVII, Number 2

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# Historical Society

OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Quarterly Publication

Volume XVII, Number II

Los Angeles, California

June, 1935







"Dixon & Kason's Map of the Overland and Ocean-Mail Routes between the Pacific and Atlantic States and Ports." Published by Hutchings & Rosenfield, San Francisco, Feb. 1859.

# HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

*Organized November 1, 1883*

*Incorporated February 13, 1891*

## 1935

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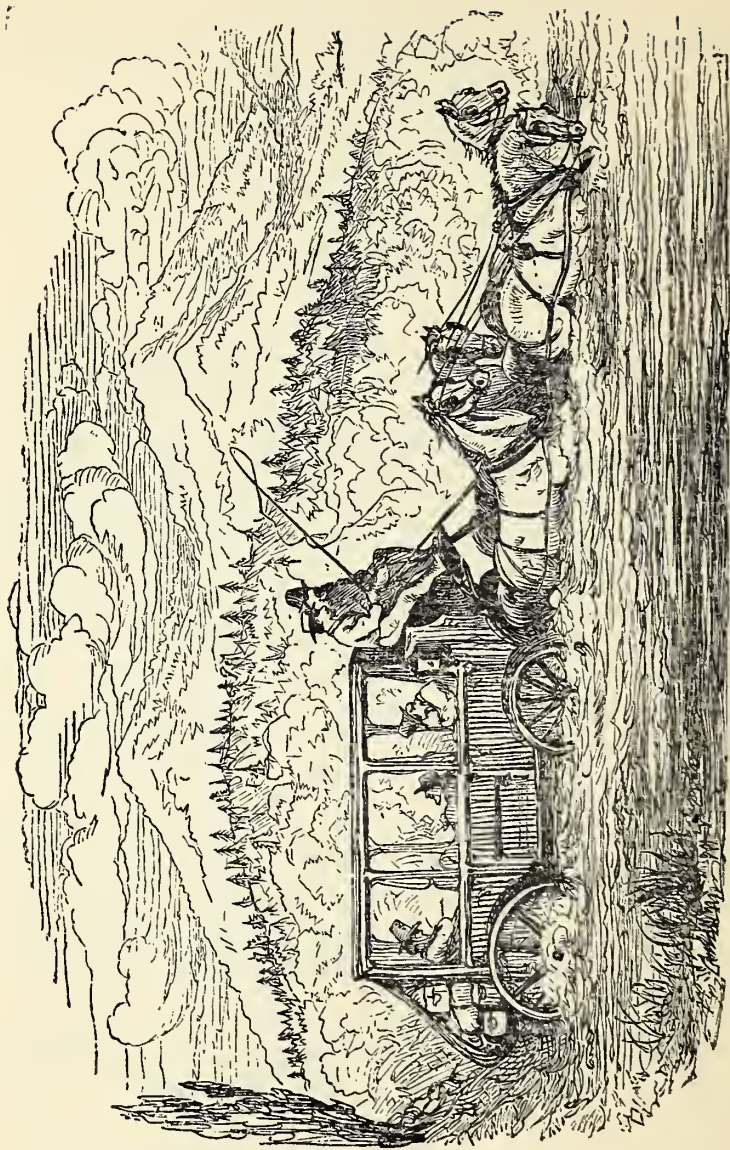
The response to Roy M. Fryer's article in the March issue on the Butterfield stage route has been so gratifying that the Editorial Board has determined to devote the June and September issues of this *Quarterly* to the subject of the Butterfield Overland Mail Company and its operations. In this issue we reprint (for the first time in the United States) the spirited account by William Tallack of his trip eastward over this company's line in 1860. In the September issue this narrative will be concluded and there will also be found several articles and reprints of rare documents concerning this enterprise, together with a bibliographical check-list of the more readily available published material on this subject. One hundred and fifty copies of these two issues, with a special title page, will be bound and offered for sale as "Special Publication No. 1" of the Society. These will be sold at the price of \$2.00 per copy to members, and \$2.50 per copy to non-members.

Appreciation for assistance and cooperation in the preparation of these issues is due from the editor to Messrs. Henry R. Wagner and J. Gregg Layne, as well as to the Huntington Library, which possesses the only reasonably complete file of *The Southern Vineyard*, and to Miss Caroline Wenzel, director of the California Section of the California State Library.

With the exception of the map, the illustrations which accompany this reprint of Tallack's narrative are taken from the original issue in *The Leisure Hour* and from the London reprint cited in the Introduction.

Carl I. Wheat.

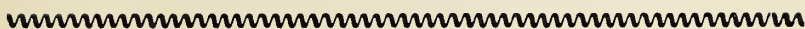




"The Overland Stage"

# The California Overland Express

The Longest Stage-Ride in the World



## INTRODUCTION

Despite the three-quarters of a century which have elapsed since the stages of the "Butterfield Overland Mail Company" ceased to raise the dust of Southern California's primitive highways, the importance of that company's operations through this area between Fort Tejon and Fort Yuma seems not yet to have been fully recognized by students of local history. A few accounts of the long and tiring ride between St. Louis and San Francisco on Butterfield's "Great Overland" mail wagons have been published, and certain historians have touched more or less extensively on the contributions of this enterprise to the westward movement, but its unquestionably remarkable achievements have until recently received scant general recognition. Although they were neither more dramatic nor historically important, the exploits of Snowshoe Thompson and the Pony Express to the north have through the years held the center of the stage.

Scholars are now, however, commencing to realize both the dramatic and the historic import of the Butterfield company's efforts, and it seems particularly the province of this Society to point out the significance of this undertaking in the development of Southern California and of the southern route to the Pacific. The fact that after only three years the Civil War put an end to these operations and led to the exploitation of the central route, first by stage and pony express and later by the Pacific Railroad, should not be allowed permanently to dim the lustre of the "Great Overland"—first enterprise to link with a single line the Middle West and the Pacific Coast.

The account of a ride over this route which is here published is from the pen of a talented young English Quaker, William Tallack, who in 1860 made the trip eastward from San Francisco to the railroad just west of St. Louis. The author of this spirited narrative was

## Historical Society of Southern California

not yet thirty years of age when he boarded Butterfield's overland stage. He was returning to England after a tour of Australia, and his account of what he aptly termed "the longest stage ride in the world" was first published serially in an English family magazine, *The Leisure Hour*, in 1865. (Vol. 14, pp. 11-15, 21-23, 43-45, 60-64.)

This narrative was once reprinted in England in a small and obscure volume of "travel and adventure," entitled "Rides Out and About" (London, The Religious Tract Society, no date), but Tallack's well-written account of the Butterfield stage has apparently not previously been printed in the United States. To this circumstance, no doubt, may be attributed the fact that authors and students of western history have almost without exception overlooked this excellent narrative.

Tallack was a prolific writer. Born at St. Austell in Cornwall in 1831, and educated at the Flounders' (Friends') College in Yorkshire, he published his first two volumes in 1861, immediately following his return from America. One dealt with "Malta under the Phoenicians, Knights and English," and the other with his tour of the United States and the Quakers he met there, its title being "Friendly Sketches in America." From 1863 to 1866 he was secretary of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, and thereafter for forty years he served in the same capacity the Howard Association of Great Britain. Though he wrote at least one other Quaker book, "Fox, the Friends and the Early Baptists," his later volumes dealt more particularly with his interests as secretary of the Howard Association, and related to various phases of penology, progressive criminal administration, prison reform, and similar social problems related to crime. In 1905 he published a Memoir of his activities of over forty years in this work, and three years later, at the age of seventy-seven he passed away, nearly half a century after his adventurous ride across North America in Butterfield's rolling stage-coach.

Tallack's account of his rough but interesting ride speaks for itself, these introductory words being intended only to assist his readers in orienting themselves as they board the stage with him on Kearny Street and jostle out over the plank road past the Mission,



## The California Overland Express

and on south toward the village of Los Angeles. Though seeming slow to the present-day traveler who reaches the Middle West in two days by train or in less than half a day by air, the speed of the "Overland" was phenomenal for its time. The entire trip through to St. Louis regularly occupied less than twenty-four days of day-and-night staging, with stops only for meals and changes of horses. It was a grueling experience, however, and virtually all who have written of it have spoken feelingly of the problem of sleep in the jouncing and frequently grossly over-crowded stages. Dr. Joseph C. Tucker of San Francisco, whose memoirs were published in 1895, devoted a chapter to what he termed "A Wild Ride" on the Butterfield line, remarking that:

*The wearied gunner can sleep beneath his bellowing gun, the sailor amid the roar of ocean storm; but three on a seat in an open mud-wagon, tearing ten miles an hour through a wild country, is a situation calculated to set at defiance any such rest. Youth, health, and a trained endurance of loss of sleep in professional clinics, somewhat fortified me, but the extended suffering was intense and poignant beyond description. Greeley's wild ride down the Sierras with the famous stage-driver, Hank Monk, was railroading to the bouncing we experienced. Three in a row, and actuated by the same instantaneous impulse, we would solemnly rise from our seats, bump our heads against the low roof, and, returning, vigorously ram the again rising seat we had incontinently left. You never encroached upon your neighbor, but upon waking you seldom failed to find him lying across you or snoring an apology into your ear. For we did sleep, somehow. The horribly weird feeling that accompanies the effort to resist slumber would give way for a few moments, and the blissful calm of a storm-tossed vessel gliding into quiet waters would fall upon our wearied senses. Often did I wake refreshed by a seeming sleep of hours of dreaming, to be told by my watch that minutes only had elapsed. One poor fellow went crazy from loss of sleep; and to prevent mischief to himself and others, we were obliged to strap him fast in the boot, and leave him at the next station. ("To the Golden Goal and other Sketches," pp. 194-5.)*

Tucker made the trip from St. Louis west, and, after recalling

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some of the other difficulties of the toilsome ride across the desert into California, continued:

*As we reached the lower outskirts of the then modest town of Los Angeles, we were met by a delegation of its people, who welcomed us with cheers and gifts of wine, grapes and melons. The sweetest melon or grapes ever stolen by a boy could never compare with the deliciousness of those fruits that washed down the desert dust of the Mojave. One-half hour for the first Christian meal since leaving Arkansas, and we were off, in a fine Concord coach with six prancing steeds, for San Francisco.*

The law under which the Butterfield contract was awarded was passed on March 3, 1857, and provided for a subsidy of \$600,000 per year for carrying the mails semi-weekly "from such point on the Mississippi River as the contractors may select, to San Francisco, in the State of California." Advertisements for bids requiring proposals in which the intended starting point was to be named were made on April 20th, and Postmaster Aaron V. Brown received nine bids. Despite the protests of those who favored a more northern route, and with no specific sanction of law, he then proceeded to name a route (which all bidders accepted) as follows:

*From St. Louis, Missouri, and from Memphis, Tennessee, converging at Little Rock, Arkansas; thence, via Preston, Texas, or as nearly so as may be found advisable, to the best point of crossing the Rio Grande, above El Paso, and not far from Fort Fillmore; thence, along the new road being opened and constructed under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, to Fort Yuma, California; thence, through the best passes and along the best valleys for safe and expeditious staging, to San Francisco. [Memphis appears later to have been eliminated as a terminus, by special order of the Postmaster General.]*

The bid of John Butterfield, William B. Dinsmore, William G. Fargo, James V. P. Gardner, Marcus L. Kinyon, Alexander Holland, and Hamilton Spencer was accepted, and a six-year contract was executed on September 16, 1857, service to commence one year from that date.

A year of feverish activity followed. Men were hired; horses,

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mules, "mud-wagons" and stages were acquired; stations were built along the line, and supplies of hay and grain and food were treked over the deserts and mountains. On June 17, 1858, the *Stockton Republican* reported that "Butterfield & Co. are actively progressing with their preparations for commencing the travel on the route to the eastern states. . . . Depots on the east side of the [Pacheco] Pass have been fixed at the San Luis Ranch, Hildreth's Ranch, Fireball's [sic] Ferry, Fresno, Elk Horn Springs, Kings River, Visalia, Goodhue's Ranch, near the Tule River, and White River. . . . Large purchases of hay and grain have been made by the contractors, in every direction, to be delivered at the several stations."

Before the year was up the contractors were ready, and on the appointed date the first stages left each of the termini. In San Francisco the newspapers carried frequent articles speculating on the probable time of arrival, but on October 11 the *Alta California* reported:

*At an early hour yesterday morning, the residents of the southern part of the city were disturbed in their Sabbath meditations by the peal of the coachman's horn, as the first mail stage from St. Louis, Missouri, and Memphis, Tennessee, dashed into San Francisco at a tearing gallop, in twenty-four days from those points. No bugle blast, from the well trained lungs and lips of the most accomplished "blower" that ever tooted a wind instrument, ever yet pealed forth a strain one-half as musical to the ears of delighted listeners, as was that stentorian strain from our overland coachman's horn, to all who heard it. It said, as plainly as if spoken by the human lips, "Behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy," and the great truth flashed home at once, to every heart, in all the multitude who have waited so long here upon the western shore of the continent, for the consummation of the opening of the great trans-continental highway, which work was to place us in immediate connection with the older States. With feelings of no ordinary nature we can now realize the accomplishment of this important undertaking, for it is done.*

The same journal reported the leaving time of the stage on this first run as follows:

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*St. Louis, September 16, 8:30 A.M.*

*Fort Smith, September 19, 3:30 A.M.*

*Colbert's Ferry, September 20, 3:00 P.M.*

*Fort Belknap, September 22, 1:00 A.M.*

*El Paso, September 30, 5:50 P.M.*

*Tucson, October 2, 10:00 A.M.*

*Fort Yuma, October 5, 6:15 A.M.*

*Los Angeles, October 7, 2:20 P.M.*

*San Jose, October 10, 1:00 A.M.*

*Arrival at San Francisco, October 10, 7:25 A.M.*

*(Total time, 23 days, 23 hours.)*

A "grand mass meeting" was held at the San Francisco "Musical Hall" on the evening of October 11, in order, as the announcement declared, "that we may embody, in suitable resolutions, the sense entertained by the people of this city of the great benefits we are to receive from the establishment of the Overland Mail." The call for the meeting was signed by sixty-nine leading citizens, among whom were Hall McAllister, Frank Pixley, Alfred Robinson, Thos. O. Larkin, P. B. Reading, B. F. Washington, H. H. Halleck, Volney E. Howard, Samuel Heydenfeldt, Henry M. Naglee, J. M. Mandeville, and Col. J. D. Stephenson. The next day the *Bulletin* reported that the hall had been "densely thronged" and repeated the words of the Chairman of the meeting, Col. J. B. Crockett, that "next to the discovery of gold, this [accomplishment of the overland stage dream] is the most important fact yet developed in the history of California." Mr. W. L. Ormsby, who as a representative of the *New York Herald* was the sole through passenger on the first west-bound stage, spoke at length of his experiences and avowed that the Indians, grizzlies and rattlesnakes which his friends had predicted for him had not materialized. The resolutions lauded the Postmaster General and the Butterfield company, urged the development of other routes, and expressed the hope that the Pacific Railroad might now be pushed to completion.

In St. Louis a band met the first mail from San Francisco, which arrived at the Springfield railhead on October 9, and escorted it (and



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John Butterfield himself) to the Planters' Hotel and thence to the Post Office. Butterfield reported the arrival to President Buchanan by telegraph, and received the following reply:

*I cordially congratulate you on the result. It is a glorious triumph for civilization and the Union. Settlements will follow the course of the road, and the East and West will be bound together by a chain of living Americans which can never be broken.*

Twice each week the stages set forth from the termini, with an extra trip per week between San Francisco and Los Angeles, in order to accommodate the traffic. As early as September 4, 1858, ten days before the first through stages started, G. W. Wood, agent at Los Angeles, advertised in *The Southern Vineyard* that "The Overland Mail Company's stages will, on and after Monday next, leave Los Angeles, at 4 o'clock A.M., on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week for San Francisco via Fort Tejon, Kern River, White River, Visalia, Fresno City, Gilroy's and San Jose." In the *Bulletin* for November 6, 1858, an "Overland Out-going Passenger" reported from Los Angeles that the project was a success, and on March 19, 1860, the same journal published a letter signed "traveler," in which the company's headquarters at Los Angeles was described as "a miniature resemblance of some Eastern railroad depot." The letter continued:

*In Los Angeles the stabling establishment consists of a space of about 200 feet square, occupied by the Company's office, dormitories for the employees, blacksmith shop, stage sheds and stabling, all built of brick, remarkably convenient and well found in all respects. Throughout the whole line the coaches are of the best Concord, N.H., make—some having been built by Downey & Sons, and others by Abbott. The harness is also Concord, A No 1. I have had long and great experience in horses, but had not the least possible idea of the native California stock. They have been well selected, are of good size, not too heavy, strong and full of spirit, remarkably free travelers, and possessing the most wonderful powers of endurance. In short, in our opinion the horses are admirably adapted to stage use, as the properties here given, their long use and experience to and fro, clearly prove. At every station we found an abundant*

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*supply of the best forage and experienced hostlers. Blacksmiths and harness-makers are constantly passing to and fro as required.*

Prior to the commencement of operations it had been the plan to run from Los Angeles to San Bernardino and thence over the San Gorgonio Pass and across the desert to Fort Yuma (virtually the present route of the Southern Pacific Railroad), but the difficulty of obtaining sufficient water led in August, 1858, to the adoption of the so-called Warner's Ranch route, by the use of which the desert *jornada* was materially reduced. John J. ("Juan Largo") Warner, from whom the ranch had obtained its name, and who was later one of the founders of the Historical Society of Southern California, was in 1858 publishing a weekly journal in Los Angeles, *The Southern Vineyard*. Quite naturally, he was elated at the arrival of the first stage from St. Louis, but he expressed the general disappointment of the local citizenry over the fact that Los Angeles was only accorded the status of a way station. Indeed, at the outset the mail was carried through and was later returned to Los Angeles, and even after this circumstance was rectified Warner had not infrequent occasion to complain of a lack of respect for the town, as when (on December 31, 1858) he remarked:

*As the Overland Mail that left St. Louis on the 6th inst. with the President's Annual Message, passed through this city something over a week ago, under seal to an agent in San Francisco, we were unable to procure a copy for publication then; but we DID confidently expect that the NEXT mail, which left St. Louis on the 9th, would have arrived here as early as Wednesday, the 29th, with St. Louis papers containing that important document; and we had made arrangements to print it and to have it ready for circulation the next morning after its arrival. But from the penuriousness or indifference of contractors, or from some other cause, we have been debarred the pleasure of gratifying the general and strong desire of our community to see the forthcoming message.*

Warner was at length compelled to reprint a summary of the message, taken from the *San Francisco Times*. He devoted considerable space from time to time to the subject of the overland mail, and he particularly felt called upon to defend the selection of the south-

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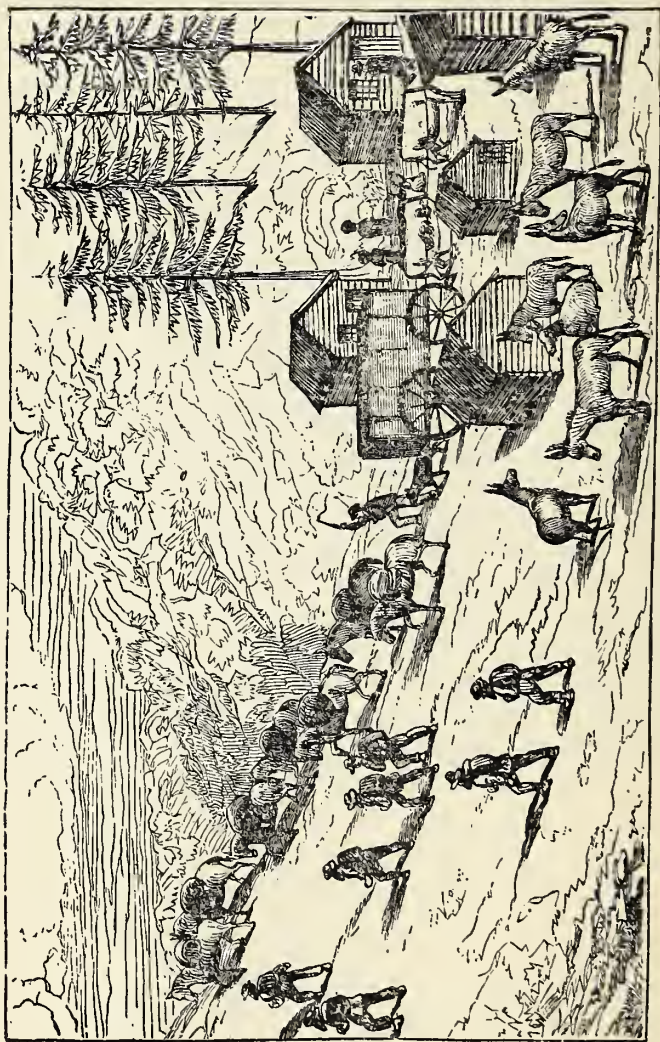
ern route. Frequently he published items dealing with the rigors of the weather encountered on the central route, at the same time commending the allegedly salubrious climate of the Butterfield line. The vigor and enterprise of the contractors pleased him, and on January 25, 1859, he wrote:

*The company are deserving of the thanks of the people of California, and especially of the Southern half of the State, for the promptness and extraordinary punctuality with which they have transported the mail over the longest route in the world upon which a mail, or passengers, are transported on coaches, by one company. It is now four months since this company commenced the unprecedented attempt of carrying the mail and passengers a distance of 2750 miles, a large proportion of which is uninhabited; and the only disappointment which we have suffered in its arrival, has been when, like Sunday last, it came in upon us a day or two before it was due.*

Although the through passenger business does not appear to have been particularly heavy, many way passengers were carried, sometimes to the extreme discomfort of those who were going through. The fare between termini was at first \$200 from east to west, and \$100 from west to east, but later was fixed at \$150 in either direction, exclusive of meals, but covering the transportation of forty pounds of baggage per passenger. Schedules were very generally maintained, and runs as low as twenty-one days were frequently recorded. Before many months more mail was being transported by the Butterfield route than by the steamers, and only the outbreak of the Civil War halted the successful operations of the "Great Overland Stage."

CARL I. WHEAT.





"Californian Travelling"

## Tallack's Narrative



FEW MONTHS previous to the secession of the Confederate States the writer found himself in San Francisco, on his return from Australia to Europe. He had calculated on taking the usual route, eastward from California to New York, by way of Panama, and, after a sojourn in New England and the central Atlantic seaboard, to return to London by one of the regular steamers from New York.

On reaching San Francisco he was unexpectedly informed that the hitherto double steam line *via* Panama had just been purchased by a well-known *millionaire*, who had thus been able to establish a monopoly of transit on his own terms. In short, the fares were doubled, and conveniences at least halved; in addition to which the hot season having fully set in rendered the prospect of a return to the oppressive latitudes of the tropics anything but an inviting one, and led the writer to look around for some other route, and finally to take the overland mail stage through Arizona, Texas, and the Indian Territory, to St. Louis.

This line of stages had been established two years previously, for the bi-weekly conveyance of a portion of the California mails eastward, and with permission to take four "through passengers."

The government subsidy to the transit company was seven hundred thousand dollars per annum, whilst the fare of each passenger was one hundred and fifty dollars, exclusive of provisions. The stages were necessitated to take a very circuitous route from San Francisco to St. Louis, in order to avoid the almost insuperable obstacles presented by the direct and shortest transit across the Rocky Moun-

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tains, which is only two thousand miles, whereas the actual line of travel by way of Texas is two thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight miles, seventy of which are within the Mexican frontier. The schedule time allowed by the mail contract is twenty-four days and nights; but it has generally been accomplished in about forty-eight hours less.

The Panama route takes about the same time, but the distance is more than double, being seven thousand miles; yet not one in a hundred travellers go eastward by the Overland on account of its risks and discomforts.

But, though certainly open to serious objection on these accounts, it presents many attractions by its extreme novelty and the thorough variety of American scenery traversed in passing from the Pacific to the Atlantic, embracing the coast range of California, the Sierra Nevada, Sierra Mimbres, Sierra Madre and the Ozarks, the long valley of the San Joachin, a portion of the "Great Basin" of Utah, the deserts of the Colorado, of Arizona, and of the Llano Estacado; the arid cactus and petahaya region of the Mexican frontier, the rich valleys of the Rio Grande, the Red River, the Arkansas and the Missouri, the deep-grassed flowery and undulating prairies of Texas, the dense forests of the Indian territory, and the fertile civilized expanse of the vast Mississippi valley.

It enables the traveller to pass from the advanced yet suddenly matured civilization of San Francisco to the back-posts of that civilization in the interior mountains, where he enters on a wilderness almost destitute of animal or vegetable life, which is succeeded by another kind of wilderness, the haunts of wild beasts and the hunting grounds of the aboriginal Indians, of the Apaches, the Comanche and the Navajos; still farther eastward the prairies pass into the dense forests west of the Mississippi, from which we emerge into a second region of civilization and culture more and more advanced in degree, till limited only by the waves of the Atlantic. This aspect of the various stages of two civilizations, passed through in an inverse order, and yet annually approaching each other nearer and nearer, is a specially interesting accompaniment of the Overland Route, and one not to be elsewhere met with in a similar manner.

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Influenced by these prospects of scenic variety and novelty, the writer "booked" himself as a "through passenger" from San Francisco to St. Louis, and, on paying the fare, was handed a manuscript ticket merely bearing, in addition to the date and signature of the clerk, the words "Good for the passage of the bearer by the Overland Stage from San Francisco to the terminus of the Pacific Railroad."\*

Owing to the very limited space for passengers, and the increasing demand for places, the writer had to wait for ten days before an opportunity of starting presented itself.

Meanwhile, he often felt doubtful as to how far he might be able to endure a continuous ride of five hundred and forty hours, with no other intermission than a stoppage of about forty minutes twice a day, and a walk, from time to time, over the more difficult ground, or up and down stiff hills and mountain passes, and with only such repose at night as could be obtained whilst in a sitting posture and closely wedged in by fellow-travellers and tightly-filled mail-bags.

Some other thoughts of not impossible contingencies were also excited by hearing that, although the Indians had never as yet ventured to attack the overland mail, there was no absolute security against such an attempt, whilst murders and robberies were known to be of constant occurrence along the line of route in the cases of solitary or incautious travellers crossing on mules or with only a waggon and team.†

A third ground for apprehensive anticipation was the extreme liability of vehicles to upset during a journey through regions possessing no macadamized roads, and often only a route the most rugged and steep. In case, too, of any accident or illness occurring, there was the certainty of being placed in a very unpleasant position

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\* *The railroad westward from St. Louis; its terminus is about one hundred and seventy miles from that city, and was then the utmost western point of the railway system from the Atlantic seaboard.*

† *The overland route, when performed, as usually, with a waggon and team, occupies three or four months, and is fraught with difficulty and danger.*



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by the absence of the ordinary appliances of civilization, whether as to surgical or other help, save of the roughest and barest description at the best, if, indeed, at all.

Happily the result was free from any of these possible contingencies; for, as to sleep, the writer never enjoyed such profound and absolutely delicious repose as often followed days of tremendous mountain jolting, and no horizontal posture in the softest bed could have given him sounder sleep than when sitting upright after these jolting days through the clear mountain and wilderness air.

Our principal danger was the extreme liability to an upset; but, though often apparently within a hair's-breadth, we escaped this unpleasantness also, and here again were better off than our successors by the same route a month afterwards, who were overturned in the night whilst going down a hill near Fort Smith, in Arkansas. One passenger was killed on the spot, and several others seriously injured.

The "stations" of the Overland Company average about eighteen miles apart; but some are distant only twelve, and others more than thirty miles. They are mostly log-houses or adobes (of sun-dried clay), and each tenanted by several men well armed, whose duty is to look after the mules and their provender, and have the relays punctually ready on the arrival of the stages.

A conductor and driver accompany each stage, the former changing every five hundred miles, and the latter at shorter intervals. Passengers and luggage are shifted into a fresh waggon about every three hundred miles. The average rate of travel is one hundred and twenty miles in every twenty-four hours; but of course the actual speed varies greatly, according to circumstances. Over smooth and level prairie lands we sometimes dashed on at twelve miles an hour, whilst, on rugged or sandy ground, our advance was only two or three miles in the same time, and that often on foot.

Except when roused out at night, it was a pleasant change to walk, as affording welcome exercise and a more leisurely survey of the surrounding country and wayside objects of interest.

As to the Indians, though we met with many, they offered us no molestation, but a few weeks subsequently, were less civil to the

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Santa Fé branch of the overland mail, which they intercepted, at the same time murdering the driver and conductor and stealing the mules.

Meals (at extra charge) are provided for the passengers twice a day. The fare, though rough, is better than could be expected so far from civilized districts, and consists of bread, tea, and fried steaks of bacon, venison, antelope, or mule flesh—the latter tough enough. Milk, butter, and vegetables can only be met with towards the two ends of the route—that is, in California and at the “stations” in the settled parts of the western Mississippi valley.

Only forty pounds weight of luggage is allowed to each passenger; but one can easily manage to cross America with this amount stowed in a handy portmanteau. The writer sent the remainder of his baggage round to New York by the ordinary route *via* Panama, the freights by which were extortionate enough, owing to the monopoly of transit established, as not only luggage, but bales of merchandise were, for some months at least, charged upwards of £5 per cwt., with the only alternative of a cheaper transit by the long and hazardous Cape Horn passage.

Having thus made all arrangements for fare of self and freight of baggage, the writer started from San Francisco on the appointed day, with three other through passengers “on board.”\*

As we had to pass through several hundred miles of comparatively settled districts before reaching the wilder parts of the route, our first stage vehicle was a large one, to accommodate the numerous demands for way-passengers to the towns and villages of Southern California. So, at starting, our conveyance was not a mere waggon, as afterwards, but a regular coach, holding nine inside (three behind, three in front, and three on a movable seat, with a swinging leather strap for a back), by dint of close sitting and tightly dovetailed knees. Outside were the driver, the conductor, and an indefinite number of passengers, as, by popular permission, an American vehicle

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\* *Universally, in American colloquial phraseology, passengers, whether by coach, waggon, or rail, are said to be “on board,” and their luggage also, except when fallen “overboard.”*



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is never "full," there being always room for "one more." With these, their luggage, and a heavy mail in strong sacks, stowed away under and between our feet, or overhead and elsewhere, we started from the Plaza or Grand Square of San Francisco, moving slowly through the streets, as a "fire brigade" procession was passing at the time, accompanied by music, flags, and polished engines, with silver-mounted harness, and all the usual pomp and paraphernalia of this pet "institution" of the young men of American cities. At the southern end of Montgomery Street (the principal one in the metropolis), after passing many elegant shops with tastefully arranged stocks of jewelry, paintings, and fashionable drapery, we observed the blackened remains of one of the destructive conflagrations through which the city has obtained an unpleasant notoriety; then, sweeping rapidly past suburban villas, interspersed with gardens and sand-hills, we opened out on a splendid view of the bay, with its well-wooded Contra Costa side, eight miles across the water, and its fine background of deep-ravined mountains, finely distinct in the clear atmosphere.

Behind us stretched the treble-topped hill on which San Francisco is built, having the streets rising in successive parallel terraces from the water, and skirted at the summit and sides by picturesque residences, mostly with external galleries and pillared verandahs, fronted by small gardens, and approached by long flights of steps, as the transverse streets of the city are almost as steep as those of Malta. On looking back we saw, rising above the other buildings, the broad tower of St. Mary's church, and the twin red ones of the Catholic cathedral of St. Francis.

Presently we rode through the old Spanish village of Mission Dolores, the quiet predecessor (as a port and settlement) of the modern city; and here, in the utmost "Far West," we passed a sign-board inscribed "Café di Garibaldi: Alla Bella Italia,"—indicating here a full acquaintance and sympathy with the most recent political movements of the Old World.

The first fifty miles of our journey was along the inner coast of the peninsula which separates the southern half of San Francisco Bay from the Pacific, and at the northern extremity of which peninsula

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the city is built. Between our route and the Pacific about ten miles breadth of mountains and sand-hills intervened; but towards the bay the land was in many places covered with fertile, well-wooded undulations, interspersed with good meadow land, farms, and orchards, reminding one of Devonshire, and having hills abounding in oak and "redwood"—a lofty Californian pine.

Already we had evidence of the truth of the remark, previously made to us by a gold-digger, that California presents a greater variety of scenery and climate, in comparatively very short distances, than almost any other country in the world. In San Francisco we had had a delicious and almost uniform temperature for weeks, with the thermometer at about 65° Fahr., and were told by the inhabitants that throughout the year the same temperature was generally experienced, there being scarcely occasion for an overcoat in winter or a blouse in summer. Only ten miles from the city a keen sea-breeze now came sweeping down upon us from some openings between the mountains overlooking the Pacific, and causing almost an incipient shiver by the suddenness of change, and by no means suggestive of the "hot furnace" which the radical signification of California implies. Then, again, a few miles southward, under the shelter of hills and forests, we basked in a sunny summer heat far beyond anything felt in San Francisco.

The road hereabouts presented many objects of interest: acres of golden escholtzia, brooks bordered with the mimulus, or "monkey-flower," banks clothed with bushes of yellow and blue lupins, and an indigenous growth of those ornaments of English gardens, the flowering currant and gooseberry, with pink mallows and tall spikes of a white reseda. Amongst the oak forests were grassy glades swarming with "ground squirrels," scampering nimbly in all directions. We counted fifty-one running around us in as many seconds. On we drove; past cattle ranchos and wayside wooden taverns, with little groups of loungers smoking outside the doors, their heads being seen horizontally in perspective, just between their upturned feet on the chair backs.

About six o'clock in the evening we reached Santa Clara, an old mission station of the Jesuit missionaries. Here is a vast but now

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dilapidated establishment, which, like many similar ones, has become little better than a ruin since the Anglo-American race dispossessed the Spanish Mexicans, under whose indolent sway the Jesuit fathers exercised the chief influence in most of the settlements both over Indians and colonists. This influence, though doubtless occasionally abused, was often kindly and beneficial. Thus the mission of San Gabriel, in Southern California, at one time included a settlement of five thousand Indians (generally, if not always, baptized), who annually made three thousand barrels of wine, stored two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of grain, and branded fifty thousand calves, and who formed a happy and prosperous community under the superintendence of beloved and revered spiritual guides. But



“Indians”

these “good old times,” though now naturally thought of by the modern remnant of Indians with a yearning remembrance, were days when no social changes or progress rendered one generation an advance upon the preceding; all things continued as they were,

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like the beautiful but permanently unvarying instincts of the feathered tenants of the neighboring groves, or of the beavers of the interior mountain streams.

But we confess to sharing something of the Indian's regret, however sentimental, as we passed the long cloisters and lonely ranges of the once prosperous Santa Clara Mission, and thought of the contrast between the past and present, as we rode along the level avenue of willow-trees, extending thence for three miles to the busy modern town of San José. Here we had a hurried supper, shifted our baggage to another vehicle, took in more passengers, and entered on a second fifty miles as evening was closing in. In the darkness we passed near the celebrated quicksilver mines of New Almaden, of which, however, we saw nothing, having composed ourselves for our first night "on board" by wrapping coats and handkerchiefs closer around us, and, by common consent, dropping conversation and trying to sleep, but, by subsequent mutual confession, with only scant success.

### SECOND DAY'S JOURNEY San Joachin Valley

About midnight the conductor roused us with shouting, "All out here to cross a slew!" (a stream or ditch), as the vehicle was too heavily laden to be dragged through with the passengers, baggage, and mails. The darkness scarcely allowed us to distinguish the narrow log over which we had to pass, with the comfortable caution of the conductor, that it was "above your knees in mud, if you slip."

All safely over, we proceeded till two o'clock in the morning, when we halted at a station at the entrance of the Pacheco Pass in the Coast Ranges. Here we met with a warm reception, there being in readiness a blazing log-fire, and a good breakfast of beef-steaks, omelettes, tea, milk, and salad, which we were warned to do justice to, as our next meal would not be reached till noon. After a hasty but refreshing wash in the dark, with a tin skillet and a jack-towel, outside the house, we began the ascent of the Pass, and enjoyed a



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walk of several miles in the exhilarating mountain air, and with the bright gleams of the dawning day above the peaks, revealing to our view a succession of striking landscapes. The road hereabouts was a narrow winding ledge, under towering crags on one side, and with a steep descent on the other. On reaching the summit a magnificent prospect opened of the great San Joachin valley, a hundred miles wide, and towards which we descended by many steep roads across the mountain spurs.

All day we traversed the extensive plains, which are hereabouts nearly destitute of trees, and with little grass, but covered with miles of sage-bushes, amongst which abounded herds of antelope and deer. Nothing breaks the uniform level but long lines of cotton-wood trees, skirting the sides of widely separated arroyos, or stream beds, usually dry in summer. These trees, common to most of the western plains, are so called from having numerous tufts of soft cotton-like fibres. Wherever the sage grows, one may expect a soil extremely dusty in dry weather; and so we found it; for, hour after hour, our wheels raised thick clouds of the finest dust, enveloping us from head to foot, and penetrating our clothes and luggage. From time to time we jumped out at the stations, shook ourselves, washed and brushed; but, in a few minutes after each start, we were as brown as ever. Similar dust characterizes long tracts of Arizona and New Mexico. Towards evening we reached a firmer soil, and had a constant view of the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada. Near the San Joachin we found all the streams and slews very full, owing to the hot weather melting the snow eastward on the mountains; and the return overland mail, in passing, informed us that, twenty miles ahead, the country was "all afloat."

This day had been a very drowsy one, and, in spite of heat, dust, and perspiration, we were making up for our last night's vigils, and found generally, henceforward, no difficulty in obtaining sound sleep at night, however rugged the ground passed over. The change of scene, the continuous supply of the purest air, our moderate dietary, and perpetual motion, proved to be excellent soporifics after once getting used to them.

Before night we were in a sound sleep, from which we were again

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roused by the conductor telling us that we had reached the flooded districts, and must assist him in "prospecting" for a dry track for ourselves and the stage. As he knew the ground, and took the initiative, we merely followed our leader, and soon found an submerged route; then remounted, and were immediately as unconscious as before.



"A Californian Town"

### THIRD DAY San Joachin Valley

At four P.M. we changed from our coach to a "mud waggon"—a light van with black curtains—and took in a passenger for a "short stage" of fifteen hundred miles from Visalia to the banks of the Red River. This was a long-bearded, shaggy-haired, rough-clad Texan, who had been to the diggings, and was returning to his former profession of cattle-driver and horse-dealer, with the further prospect of "marrying a widow" to whom he was engaged.



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Throughout the journey he went by the name of "Texas," the land which he so often mentioned in recurring to the scenes of his varied and active life.

Visalia is a little town of a few hundred inhabitants, such as in England would be called a village; but neither town nor village is a favourite term in America. During our first day's journey we had stopped at a station surrounded by a few wooden houses, and, on my asking the name of "this village," my American respondent replied, half in earnest, half in jest, "Village! you musn't talk about villages in America; we have none; this is a city—Redwood City"; and presently looking up, there was the name inscribed on a direction post, "Redwood City."

We were now near the great Tulares Lake, which is more than fifty miles long, and is named from the abundance of the tule-rushes (*Scirpus lacustris*), which form a margin around it three miles wide; they are each about fifteen feet high, and nearly an inch in diameter. It has been shown by experiment that the evaporation from this lake is at the rate of a quarter of an inch per day in the hot season.

There is scarcely a single bridge between San Francisco and the Arkansas River, so that we often were unpleasantly and abruptly jerked down into streams, with much splashing and narrow escapes from oversets. Several such plunges roused us to-day from our morning slumbers. Deeper rivers, like the Rio Grande and Colorado, are passed by means of a strong flat ferry-boat, secured to a cable stretched from bank to bank. In this manner we crossed Kern and King's Rivers near Tulares. In the former, a few days previously, four mules and all the baggage of a party were washed away in attempting to ford it, and thereby to save the charge at the ferry,

All to-day we were in the San Joachin valley, and sometimes had extensive views of its whole breadth, from the Coast Range to the Sierra Nevada.

An Indian rode past us with a lasso, in chase of some mustangs. California is a splendid region for rearing horses and cattle: large fortunes have been readily and speedily amassed by this means. The mustangs are often used for drawing the overland mails, and are very spirited at first starting, leaping and rearing wildly; but, after

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a few miles' driving, they soon flag, and can with difficulty be urged along at more than walking pace. We were always pleased to find mules brought out at the relays instead of mustangs; for, although less spirited at starting, we invariably accomplished the stages in shorter time than with the latter. Mules are exclusively used in the more mountainous and rugged portions of the route.

In the San Joachin valley we noticed many plants common to the prairies, such as the prairie gourd (*Cucumis perennis*) and the compass plant. The latter resembles a large dock, and is so named from its property of pointing to the north with its leaves after they have been pressed together by the hand.

At some distance, amongst expanses of "greasewood" (a species of artemisia), herds of antelope bounded past us, and towards evening we saw a prairie wolf.

Two other features of the great plains here observable were the frequency of the mirage, producing fantastic distortions of the distant trees or moving objects, and also numerous whirlwinds, causing high columns of dust.

### FOURTH DAY Southern California

Near midnight our conductor called out, "Straighten yourselves up!" in preparation for some very rough ground that we were just approaching, which had been broken by fissures and banks, caused by an earthquake. In about an hour after these arousing jolts we drew up at the foot of the Tejon Pass, the southern extremity of that great central valley which, under the name of San Joachin in the south, and of Sacramento in the north, occupies the chief portion of California, and extends nearly 600 miles in length by 100 in breadth.

We were now at the point of junction of its two mountain barriers, the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range. The Tejon station was a store kept by a dry sort of Yankee, who, after moving about very leisurely and scarcely deigning to answer any questions put him, set before us a supper of goat's flesh and coffee. After making

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a hearty meal we had again to shift into another vehicle similar to the preceding. It being one o'clock in the morning, and a dark night, we had to be very careful that none of our respective packages or blankets were left behind in the hurried operation of changing; so we tumbled hastily into our new waggon, wrapping ourselves up in coats or blankets nearly as they came to hand, waiting till morning for more light and leisure to see which was our own. By means of a blanket each, in addition to an overcoat, we managed to settle down warmly and closely together for a jolting but sound slumber. What with mail-bags and passengers, we were so tightly squeezed that there was scarcely room for any jerking about separately in our places, but we were kept steady and compact, only shaking "in one piece" with the vehicle itself.

Thus closely sleeping, we ascended fifteen miles of a mountain road, except for a part of the ascent, where we had to walk—not so pleasant a stretch as sometimes, on account of the darkness, sleepiness, and the occasional crossing of streams in our path.

At daylight we opened out on a table-land, a continuation of the Great Basin of Utah, and were immediately struck with the new and characteristic vegetation here witnessed, consisting chiefly of yucca trees, about twenty feet high, and mostly forked at the top like the letter Y.

Here we noticed, for the first time in our journey, the strange horned frog (*Agama cornuta*), which characterizes the sterile uplands of Utah, New Mexico, and Western Texas. Though repulsive in appearance, it is innocent enough. We caught some, intending to keep them as mementoes, but had to relinquish the attempt for want of suitable means of preserving them alive.

We merely skirted the extreme margin of the Great Basin, and in an hour or two dashed rapidly down a ravine between picturesque crags—a route richly adorned with the red blossoms of a *Clarkia*, fine scarlet salvias, the blue spikes of a plant resembling horse-mint, and abundant verdure of the feathery and silvery leafage of the chapparral hereabouts. (Chapparral is a general Western name for prairie vegetation and underwood.)

We had now re-entered the Coast Range, and were winding

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down the romantic twenty-two mile San Francisquito Pass, a lovely region of tree and blossom, cliff and stream. Half way through it we had a wash and a good breakfast at a ranche, where we were warned that a hunter had that morning shot a bear a little lower down the valley, that the animal had only been wounded, and had retired amongst the trees and rocks close to our route, whence he might possibly make his appearance on our passing by. To the disappointment of the passengers, nothing was seen of him.

In the afternoon we entered the San Fernando Pass, a short but very stiff one. Here our vehicle stuck fast in a narrow gorge. The horses could not move it, though aided by ourselves. Happily there was a waggon just behind us, whose team we borrowed, and, by dint of pulling and pushing all together, we soon got up the ascent.

This was the only time during the journey that we came to a dead-lock, and it was also the only time that we were traveling in company with another vehicle going in the same direction.

On emerging from the San Fernando Pass we came to a new aspect of country and vegetation, and to a population retaining more of the Spanish and Mexican element than Northern California, as indicated by conversation and wayside notices in the Spanish language, and by the style of dress and prevalence of adobe houses.

The sunny plains and vineyards of Ciudad de Los Angeles (the City of Angels) were now spread before us, whilst in the foreground rose, in the light of sunset, the purple sierras of San Gorgonio. The plains were covered with a profusion of varied and tangled vegetation, especially yellow and crimson cacti and prickly pear, oleanders, mesembryanthemums, sunflowers, mustard, and large elder-trees, cotton-wood, and the black chestnut, whilst the undulations were thickly covered with masses of small flowers glowing in the evening like a purple velvet carpeting. The aerial effects of the lights and shadows in an atmosphere and climate so pure as in Southern California give much beauty even to the simplest elements of the picturesque, as was observed by Humboldt whilst traveling in the similar regions of Mexico and Venezuela. After leaving Los Angeles and Monte we again changed into a smaller and lighter vehicle, and traveled briskly over a sandy plain, of which we saw but little in the rapidly closing night.



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### FIFTH AND SIXTH DAYS Warner's Pass and Colorado Desert

At daybreak we found ourselves in a sterile region, and on our left the Laguna Grande, a salt lake about five miles in length, surrounded by mountains, whose reflected shadows on it were intensely clear, and the margin white with saline incrustations. On our right were sandy undulations abounding in gopher holes. These little animals (*Pseudostoma bursarius*) appear very industrious in their burrowings, and numbers of their holes are left unfinished, and fresh ones begun close by, as if from change of plan and a second resolution to "try it again."

To-day we passed several Indian villages and wigwams of poles, and observed the men going by with lassoes. Some of the squaws were carrying their papooses behind their backs on wicker frames; others were grinding corn by moving a flat slab up and down a shallow stone trough.

Warner's Pass was now before us, a valley of varying aspect and width, extending about forty miles through the sierras, and finally opening out into the utterly sterile Colorado Desert. In some places the valley was covered with boulders and fantastically-shaped weather-worn rocks interspersed with gnarled evergreen oaks. Near the hot springs of Agua Caliente we saw a hill, from a fissure in which a cloud of smoke was rising, and were informed that mud volcanoes exist hereabouts.

At nightfall we entered the narrow gorge of San Felipe, just at the entrance of which a large Indian campfire lighted up the sides of the defile, and beyond which the passage narrowed in, so as just to allow one vehicle to pass between the perpendicular walls rising on either hand. And now commenced a shaking descent down the long narrow entrance to the Colorado Desert, over a path uneven in the extreme, steep, and strewn with loose rocks and stones. Here we had six horses; and a wild spasmodic pull it was. In the midst of it, however, some of us managed, as usual, to fall sound asleep, but were roused in the darkness with the information that, on emerging from the pass to the level desert in which we now

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were, the horses had become unmanageable, and three of them had broken loose from their traces. After a couple of hours' delay two of the three were caught, and we proceeded with the five, and at daybreak reached Carrizo, a solitary station in a scene of desolation not to be surpassed in the Arabian deserts, as the landscape chiefly presents only bare earth and gravel, with an occasional patch of mesquite. On halting here the driver lay down to snatch ten minutes' sleep after the night's exertion, remarking that he felt himself "agoing, agoing," and was instantly unconscious in profound slumber, from which he had speedily to be roused again. Pursuing our route between banks of bare earth, we passed a party of forty United States soldiers, covered with dust, and with tattered clothes—anything but martial. After driving for hours through a wind hot as from a furnace, we reached a station in the mid-desert—a miserable abode, with walls black inside with clustering flies, but where we were refreshed with coffee. Again starting, we soon entered the Mexican frontier, as indicated by a line of iron slabs at wide intervals. The only water at the stations hereabouts was alkaline and dirty; but, such as it was, we were glad to fill our canteens with it, both now and farther eastward, when traversing the "journados" of Arizona, where, for sixty miles at a time, we had no water at all but that which we carried with us from preceding stations.

Towards the Colorado River the country is covered with dust-hills and rippled sand-heaps, strewed with whitened freshwater shells of paludina, etc., deposited during the annual overflow of the river, which extends miles across the plains near its mouth. The mesquite abounds here—a thorny, gnarled acacia, characteristic of the most barren and dusty regions of the Far West. Hour after hour we were enveloped in clouds of fine clayey dust, as so many times previously and subsequently, when journeying over low-lying plains. What with the hot wind, the dust, and the perspiration, our faces and hands became covered with a thin mud, only removed to be speedily renewed as we proceeded.



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### SEVENTH DAY

#### Western Arizona, Petahaya Region

After a breakfast of tough steaks at four A.M. in another dirty, dusty adobe, we reached the banks of the Colorado, which is here a rushing, whirling, and mud-colored river about a thousand feet in breadth. Its margin is lined with a jungle of mesquite and tall sun-flowers, abounding in quail and the swift-footed passana (*Geococcyx viaticus*). Our track lay for miles close to the river, whose banks were here and there continually falling into the stream; and we soon came to a place where our road was, for a short distance, washed away—an emergency which had not been altogether unexpected. The conductor and "Texas" set to work vigorously to clear away the brushwood. The latter used his axe in true backwoodsman's style, and we were, ere long, able to drag and scramble through to the continuation of the interrupted track. The Colorado is hereabouts shifting its bed continually, and wears away nearly twice its breadth of bank every year. In the course of the forenoon we re-entered the United States territory, and stopped for half an hour at Fort Yuma, on the frontiers of California, Arizona, and Mexico.

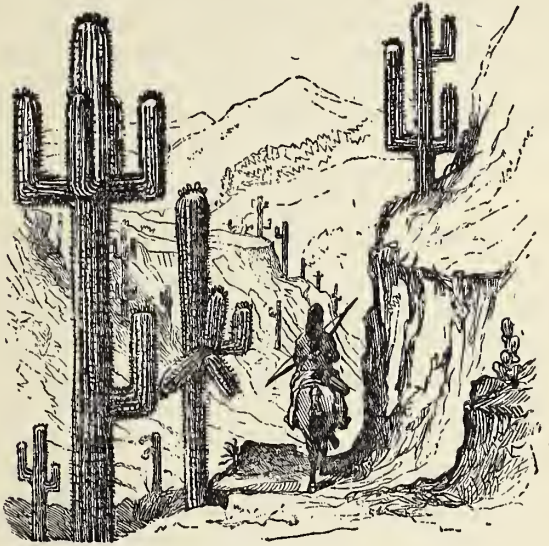
In the distance rose the abrupt outlines of Pilot Knob, "the Chimney," and similarly-shaped hills of porphyritic granite. At the Fort we had the welcome offer of a hasty wash in a private bedroom; and very refreshing it was to relieve our encumbered pores from the finely choking dust and perspiration of the past week.

Crossing the Colorado, we left California finally behind us, and entered Arizona, the new territory acquired from Mexico under the terms of "the Gladsden Purchase" [sic].

On leaving the river we ascended to a rocky tract, where for the first time, we saw the strange petahaya or gigantic cereus which forms the most characteristic feature in the landscape of New Mexico, Arizona, Sonora, and Chihuahua, and is exclusively indigenous to those districts. It has no leaves in the ordinary sense of the word, but consists of a lofty, straight, spiny, grooved, and dull green shaft from twenty to fifty feet in height and from one to two feet in

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diameter. From half-way up this shaft two opposite branches diverge at right angles, and, taking another bend, also at right angles, grow parallel to the main trunk, which they resemble in nature and thickness. On the summit of the shafts is a little cluster of white flowers, succeeded by a sweet-tasted fruit, resembling a fig in size and flavour and which affords a by no means despicable supply of food to the Indians of the Apache and Navajo tribes. Though the general



“The Petahaya”

appearance of the petahaya somewhat resembles a huge branched candelabra-stand, yet there is great diversity of size and form; some being like a pump, others assuming the aspect of a tall man stretching out his arms in making a public address; while others are simple, unbranched fluted columns, rising in rows and clusters on the serrated ridges and arid uplands of the Mexican frontier.

The petahaya was always a welcome sight to us, not merely from its own interest and novelty, but from its being associated, in

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our experience, only with clear air and a soil free from the annoyance of clouds of dust.

After leaving Fort Yuma our route lay near the south bank of the river Gila, for about one hundred and fifty miles, and with the arid and rugged, but very auriferous, mountains of Mexico generally in sight.

To-day, on having a relay of mustangs, they reared up and plunged worse than usual, broke the pole-chain, stood up nearly perpendicularly, and, finally, one fell and got underneath the body of the waggon, which movement, together with the threatening kicks and jerks of the animal, caused our speedy evacuation of the vehicle, till order was restored and the journey resumed.

### EIGHTH DAY

#### Banks of the Gila—The Indians

Breakfasted on venison at three A.M. at Stanwick's ranche on the Gila, and, by special favour of the conductor, had time for a plunge in the stream. On starting we noticed hereabouts the marks of several recent Indian campfires. A month subsequently to our visit here, two overland passengers, wishing to bathe in the Gila, and not having any extra time allowed for the stage to stop, borrowed horses from the ranche, had their bath, and rode after the others, overtaking them at the next station. But on the way they were assaulted by five Indians armed with bows and arrows. In self-defense, they killed three of the Indians, and so escaped to their fellow-travelers and the stage.

Murders hereabouts are of frequent occurrence, of which we had several indications, even in our hasty transit to-day; for, soon after breakfast, we came to a region of extinct volcanoes containing craters and large deposits of black lava and pumice-stone, and surrounded by ranges of very distinctly terraced trap mountains. On descending a crater about a mile in length and one hundred feet deep, with precipitous sides, we observed a staked inclosure, containing the grave of a family of seven persons named Oatman, who had been murdered here by the Apaches.

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Proceeding further along the sides of some bluffs of volcanic rock, covered and scratched with numerous uncouth Indian hieroglyphics, we met a solitary German emigrant crossing the plains, with no other companion than his trusty horse. Both rider and steed seemed worn out with exhaustion and excitement. The man said that since daybreak he had been chased by seven Indians, who had followed him nearly to the Overland station, where we met him, and where he was resting for a few hours. He intended to resume his journey presently, and remarked, "Well, if they do catch me, I will dismount and fight to the last, hand to hand, and sell my life as dearly as I can."

We took our next meal at two P.M. at Gila Bend. This station had been destroyed by the Indians only four months previously, but the inmates escaped. More than a hundred arrows were afterwards picked up around the spot.

In the afternoon, whilst passing through a thicket of mesquite, we met, at intervals, with eight Indians on horseback armed with bows and arrows. The passengers and conductor got their rifles and revolvers in readiness, should anything unpleasant be threatened, but the Indians soon turned aside amongst the trees, and we saw no more of them. This was just as we were entering a narrow gorge, the Pimo Pass, whose sides were fringed with petahayas. On entering it the conductor pointed out a rock from behind which the Indians had only a fortnight previously killed one of the officials of the Overland Mail Company. We felt easier when we were clear of the pass, and re-emerged on a wide expanse, "the forty mile desert." Hereabouts we passed many skeletons of oxen.

At nightfall we reached the Pimo villages, a settlement of comparatively civilized Indians, very different from their barbarous neighbours, the Apaches. We had seen one of their large campfires previously, when miles off on the plain. Near the station our attention was called to a "sweat-house," where the Indians get rid of fevers by a vapour-bath process.

Whilst our supper was preparing we washed in an Indian bowl formed of reeds, but quite watertight. Saucepans also of reeds are here made use of. They are filled with water, which is then boiled by dropping hot stones into it. 65



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"Texas," who had visited this spot previously, inquired after an old acquaintance of his, who, as we were informed, was still living in the neighbourhood. She is an Indian woman of enormous development, and goes by the name of "The Great Western." Her weight is *said* to be upwards of thirty stone.

### NINTH AND TENTH DAYS

#### Tucson and Central Arizona

After traveling several hundred miles without seeing a village or even a house (except the solitary overland stations), we reached Tucson, the capital of Arizona, merely a small wretched town of adobe hovels, each having a door and one small unglazed window. Its indolent Mexican population is characterized (as usual in Northern Mexico) by robbery and assassination.

Having read in a scientific memoir that two remarkable meteorolites, weighing respectively twelve hundred and one thousand pounds, had fallen at Tucson, and were to be seen near the alcalde's house, we made inquiry about them, but could elicit no information whatever, as to their present existence or whereabouts, from the ignorant inhabitants.

Central Arizona was the least interesting part of our route, with the exception of the strange vegetation of petahayas and cacti. The stations, too, were wide apart. Thus, after leaving Tucson, we traveled two stages of thirty-five and twenty-four miles consecutively, with only four miserable horses in each case. Two of them lay down and would not stir, though beaten, as it seemed, cruelly with sticks and poles; but, on passing a rope round the fore-leg of one of them, they started, but soon flagged again; and we had to walk over the roughest part of the distance at night, to relieve the poor jaded creatures.

From Tucson to the San Pedro the country consists of mesquite moorlands containing numerous aloe and mescal trees. Many of the latter were partially burnt by fires lighted by Indians in cooking the tenderer portions.

Near the San Pedro we passed a camping party of emigrants, one



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of whom came forward and asked for a newspaper. He was recognized as being the notorious "Judge Ned Macgowan," a well-known character in the earliest days of San Francisco, who had been obliged to flee the city to escape Lynch law, owing to his participation in the murder of the editor of the "Bulletin" newspaper. In company with "Phil Herbert," another worthy of the same city and times, and formerly senator for the State of California, he was now going with a company of miners to the recently-discovered gold-digging of the Sierra Mimbres, in the east of Arizona. These diggings (in common with others in Northern Mexico) would be very productive if it were not for the scarcity of water, which almost amounts to perpetual drought, in these upland provinces. From Tucson to Fort Belknap, in Texas (a breadth of eight hundred and eighty miles), the country along our route was nowhere at a less altitude than two thousand feet above the sea level, and in far the greater portion of the same distance it exceeded four thousand feet, rising to more than five thousand on the table-lands of the Llano Estacado, in Western Texas.

Beyond San Pedro the plains were more grassy, and commanded extensive prospects, exhibiting much variety and beauty of aerial effect and colour. Thus, the foreground would be brownish, succeeded by yellow, green, grey, and dark blue tints in order, beyond which the feet of the distant mountains were of a light shade, whilst the heights themselves were again dark blue.

At a mountain station a group of ten Apaches were loitering about whilst we took supper. Some of them were painted with bright daubs of vermilion and white, and appeared to be of most vicious aspect, as if they would as willingly murder a stranger as look at him. The station-keepers were "armed to the teeth" with revolvers and bowie-knives, and had a stand of rifles indoors. Themselves and the Indians were alike a rough set, and might possibly have been in the memory of a San Francisco merchant, a recent traveler by the Overland, whom the writer consulted as to what preparation for the journey he would suggest from his own experience. Amongst other things he recommended "a supply of tracts and a good six-shooter," the former for the habitually swearing and

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blasphemous officials of the Overland, and the latter for the Indians.

This gentleman's conversation was a curious mixture of dollars and religion, Sunday-schools and business speculations; and, after having offered to the writer (at original cost price at least) a portion of his own equipment of Overland desiderata (much the worse for use), he presented in addition a card inscribed, "The Four P's: Punctuality, Prayer, Patience, and Perseverance."

The Apache Pass was a rugged but very picturesque portion of our route, and will be long remembered by the writer as the scene of the finest storm and sunset he ever witnessed. All the afternoon thunder had been rolling amongst the mountains, accompanied by vivid flashes and zigzags of lightning and broad patches of rainbow amongst the Sierras. Large hailstones and heavy rain had just fallen on a portion of our track. On emerging from the pass we witnessed a most gorgeous sunset over the mountains of the prairie. The broad valley was like a purple lake, into which dark grey and blue promontories of the mountain-spurs projected successively in the distance upon its dead level. Heavy thunder-clouds were still hanging round the heights, whose vaporous masses were in places variegated with the orange and crimson of the sunset gleamings. From these there still continued to dart at intervals streaks of lightning, whilst beyond the plain the opposite eastern peaks glowed as with carmine reflections of the sun. Midway were varied and extended lines of blue and grey shades, whilst in front, under a clear sky, was a brown foreground sprinkled with a vegetation of rigid aloes and feathery acacias. As we passed we all gazed fixedly, with intense admiration, at the magnificent spectacle, and longed for some means of perpetuating its image for future enjoyment.

### ELEVENTH DAY Eastern Arizona

Nearly all day passing over the prairies of Eastern Arizona, which are covered with gramma grass and "Spanish bayonet." The abundance of the latter, with its tall spikes of white flowers, presents at a

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distance the resemblance of vast processions of men moving across the plains with innumerable white banners.

The level prairie tracks are the best parts of the journey for ease and speed. To-day four mules brought us from Cook's Springs to Goodside (fourteen miles) in sixty-one minutes. The hills hereabouts are flat-topped and canister-shaped, like those of Gozo. The level summits are of trap or other hard rocks, having precipitous sides, and below a slanting deposit of calcareous rock washed down from above by the action of water. A German store-keeper from the Mimbres joined us to-day as a "way-passenger," and confirmed, from his own experience, the accounts we had heard of the disorganized state of society in these regions, and more particularly in the valley of the Rio Grande. He remarked, "No one's life is safe here for two hours; everyone goes about with arms, and seven out of every eight men have at some time killed one or more persons."

### TWELFTH DAY Valley of the Rio Grande

Soon after midnight we reached Mesilla, whence the Santa Fé branch of the Overland Mail starts fortnightly. Like other places in these provinces, it consists of adobes. About a mile further on we reached the Rio Grande, and were overtaken by our German companion of yesterday, running and perspiring, in his eagerness not to be left behind, having stopped talking at Mesilla till the stage had left. He was just in time to join us at the ferry over the river, which is here nine hundred miles from its mouth, four hundred feet wide, twelve deep, and very muddy and rapid. Our route for a hundred miles now lay close to this river, whose banks are a pleasing contrast to the sterile regions east and west of them. We passed crops of maize, wheat, sugar-cane, and sunflowers. The latter are cultivated on account of their leaves, from which a kind of "tea" is extracted by decoction.

Large blue cranes and wild geese were numerous, especially on the banks of the river and its tributary streams, whose overflowing obliged us to take several lengthy circuits. Our supply of provisions

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improved during our short transit through this belt of fertile land. At El Paso we had onions and eggs, in addition to our general fare of fried steaks and bread.

New Mexico and Eastern Arizona are very low in their social and moral condition. Their inhabitants are miserably poor, and many are peons, or slaves, to the few wealthy owners of flocks and plantations.

On account of the rapidity and of the rocky bed of the Rio Grande, merchandise is conveyed hither from the Gulf of Mexico by trains of "freight waggons," a slow and expensive process.

The population chiefly spend their time in lounging in the sunshine, playing at monte, or dancing the fandango. A peon letter-carrier to-day ran along beside our waggon the greater part of a stage of twenty-five miles. He was lightly clothed, having merely linen drawers, and appeared to be very strong-limbed and good-tempered.

### THIRTEENTH DAY Frontiers of Texas

During the night we halted for a meal near the campfire of an emigrant party proceeding to California. Their waggons were arranged in a semi-circle, and the usual precautions taken to avoid a surprise by Indians or a stampede of the horses. The party were comfortably reclining on the ground, some smoking and partaking of their evening meal of tea, slapjack, and dried apples stewed. The latter is a general and welcome article of diet on the western plains, being both palatable and easily portable in light barrels. The prairie waggons are generally hooped at the top. Their wheels are made of the wood of the Osage orange, which is close-grained, very tough, and does not crack too much with the heat and drought, which soon spoil ordinary utensils of wood, as two of our company found by experience, having brought with them a wooden keg for liquor, which was almost immediately rendered useless by the heat of the desert plains. We found our tin canteens for water far more serviceable, especially when wrapped in a piece of wet blanket, which, by the evaporation, kept the contents cool in the hottest atmosphere.



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To-day we also passed a long drove of cattle, horses, and mules. Their herdsmen were all well-armed, and kept guard both in front and rear. "Texas," who has previously driven cattle across the plains, threatens vengeance on the Indians, when he has opportunity, for having robbed him of fifteen hundred dollars' worth of beasts. As tracts of from fifty to eighty miles of country without water have to be traversed at intervals, scores of cattle die on the way, and we often witnessed their bones and carcasses.

In driving horses or mules it is usual to tie them in pairs, by lariats on opposite sides, to a long central rope, stretched from a waggon in front to one behind. This prevents stampedes.

In leaving the valley of the Rio Grande we proceeded on foot slowly up steep passes to another table-land region of yuccas and prairie-grass, and were now in the extreme west of Texas and approaching the eastern spurs of the Rocky Mountains, whose various chains and plateaux we had been successively crossing during the past week.

Our sameness of posture becoming tedious, we tried various expedients by way of a change, sometimes slinging our feet by loops from the top of the waggon, or letting them hang over the sides between the wheels, and at other times mutually accommodating each other by leaning or lying along the seats, and not seldom all nodding for hours together in attitudes grotesque and diverse.

We had very little interruption to our general harmony. But on one occasion the two front passengers had become wearied with sitting for more than twenty-four hours in an almost horizontal posture, by reason of mail-bags filling up the space between the seats. On our getting out to a meal, one of the two pushed the bag backwards, so as to similarly incommode those sitting in the back of the vehicle, and more particularly "Texas," who stoutly demurred to the change. His neighbour in front persisted in pushing back the bags, and added, with a significant reference to his pistols, that there would be "trouble" unless his arrangement was agreed with. This roused "Texas," who, stooping to grasp his own trusty weapon, remarked, "Well, if you talk about 'trouble,' I can, too; and, as to that matter, I'd as lief have 'trouble' as anything else." This charac-



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teristic declaration, and its accompanying gestures, immediately made the first complainant "draw in," and exercise his "prudence as the better part of valour."



"Inside the Waggon"

### FOURTEENTH DAY Eastern Ranges of the Rocky Mountains

We were now amongst the mingled mountains and upland plains which form the continuation of the Sierra Madre, the "mother chain" of the Rocky Mountains, and which are respectively named the Organ, the Waco, and the Guadalupe ranges.

Last evening, about sundown, "Texas" suddenly called out, "Rattlesnake! stop!" whereupon several of us jumped out, and, after killing his snakeship, cut off the rattle, which contained nine rings, and thereby indicated that he was eleven years old, as one ring is added annually after the first two years. Rattlesnakes are abundant in the prairies, especially in the marmot districts. Their bites are

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often fatal, but not generally, if immediately attended to. The ordinary Western remedies are to burn a little gunpowder several times on the wound, or (which is considered still more effective) to take copious draughts of whisky or other spirits—on a principle somewhat homeopathic as to quality, but by no means as to quantity—thereby giving the system a temporary energy sufficient to overcome and neutralize the counter-energy of the venom. Despite the poisonous fangs of this reptile, he has his good traits, especially in giving a fair, distinct, and preliminary warning to all who trespass on his haunts; and herein is nobler than his Indian neighbours the Comanches and Apaches, whose wiliness of treachery, and silent skill in ambush and in sudden surprise, transcend the sharpest instincts of the brute creation.

After passing Fort Davis (named after Jefferson Davis, when Secretary-at-War under the old Union, and one of the widely-separated links in the chain of military stations which maintain the authority of the American Government over the inhabitants of the wilderness), we entered the Eighteen Mile Cañon,\* which is a continuous and very romantic descent from one plateau to another. Its perpendicular sides were in many places formed of basaltic columns, whilst a clear stream occupied part of the narrow winding space between the cliffs, along whose length grew a varied vegetation of live oaks, walnut-trees, euphorbias, water-melons, and numerous flowering shrubs, over whose blossoms large black and variegated butterflies fluttered, whilst multitudes of lizards were sluggishly basking on the rocky ledges where the hot sunshine was streaming down.

On emerging from the gorge to another expanse of prairie, we distinguished, just after sundown, the treble peak of the Guadalupe or Cathedral Mountain, seventy miles across the plain. Both at sea and on the land, a most favourable time for perceiving distant objects is for about ten or twenty minutes after sunset, when there still remains nearly all the illumination of the sunshine, but without its dazzlement.

Took supper at Leon Hole Station, so named from a deep moor-

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\* *Cañon is the general term for a Rocky Mountain gorge.*

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land tarn, whither troops of antelopes came over the plains to drink. It is said never to have been fathomed, though sounded with a line of five hundred feet. An emigrant once threw in here, over night, the shrunk wheels of his waggon, and, on coming to draw them out in the morning, was astonished to find that they had entirely disappeared in the depths of what, in the evening, he had assumed to be an ordinary pool or temporary accumulation of water in a prairie hollow. At this station we had for supper some excellent bread, the best on the route; and there was a refinement about the spot very different from the rugged aspect of the generality of Overland stations and their inmates. This was owing to the presence of a cheerful matronly woman (the wife of one of the station-keepers), and two gentle girls, her young daughters, bright "prairie flowers" not often seen in these rough Far-Western wilds.

### FIFTEENTH DAY

#### Llano Estacado

A fine moonlight night, and tolerably smooth travel, free from the jolts of our recent mountain route above the Rio Grande. At three o'clock this morning we halted at the Pecos River, and had an opportunity for a hasty wash, whilst the ferry-boat was getting ready. The writer carried with him, in a small satchel, a sponge and towel, and several changes of linen, separately and tightly wrapped up, so as to be reached without trouble at a minute's notice, the time being very limited at the two or three opportunities of a bath which may occur during the journey. Many passengers go through the entire route without once changing their linen, and sometimes with the barest apology for washing. At the little town of Pecos, many miles above the spot where we crossed the river, there are the remains of an ancient Aztec temple, where, as recently as twenty-five years ago, the Pueblo Indians carefully cherished "the eternal fires of Montezuma," which had not been suffered to become extinct for ages previously. Our route along the Mexican frontier lay in several places very near the Casas Grandes, which are extensive ruins of Aztec palaces and temples, distinguished by the usual charac-

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teristics of grotesque inscriptions, absence of windows, and by pyramidal tendencies. In Northern Mexico are remote valleys whose inhabitants still cherish the traditional hope of their fathers, that of the advent of the royal Montezuma to a restored and permanently glorious empire, exceeding the splendours of the ancient days, and once more freed from the oppressing presence of the Spaniard and the stranger.

After leaving the banks of the Pecos we rode for forty miles over a dreary region, the western portion of the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain, a long and very barren tract of table-land, so named from a line of stakes formerly set up across it for the guidance of the traders between Texas and New Mexico, traveling from San Antonio to Santa Fé.



"Inside a Station"

Throughout our Overland journey our approach to a station, whether previous to a relay or a meal, was announced at a distance



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by a long blast from the conductor's horn, often heard far away in the silence of the wilds, and serving to economize time by enabling the station-keepers to prepare the requirements both of the hungry passengers and jaded mules. But never was the sound more welcome than to-day at noon, after sixteen hours' fasting during an airy ride in these clear upland regions. On dismounting at the station we found a good dish of dried apples stewed, fried steaks, and hot coffee, and never ate a breakfast with a keener relish.

During the past week we have traveled through many "dog-towns," or districts full of the burrows of the prairie marmot (*Arctomys Ludoviciana*). Some of the "towns" were miles in extent. Mr. Bartlett asserts, in his work on the Western Plains, that he once passed for three days continuously through a dog-town, which was sixty miles long, and makes a calculation (based on very moderate estimates as to the number of burrows) that there must be upwards of thirty million marmots in one such community. In winter they hibernate, and their vast cities are filled with a motionless population; but in summer they are extremely nimble, and we saw them scampering in all directions, whilst some were acting as sentinels, watching and peeping from the summit of their raised hillocks. Amongst them are numerous rattlesnakes and small owls, both of which appear in good condition, and are popularly said to form a vast "happy family" with the marmots; but the probability is (considering the usual relations which subsist between snakes, owls, and small weak quadrupeds) that the "happiness" of such communities is very one-sided, and that the little prairie dogs and their young not only afford lodgings to their feathered and scaly neighbours by their burrowing labours, but board also, at the expense of their own sleek and rounded bodies.

Towards evening we reached a more fertile region of prairie vegetation, and traversed long undulations clothed with the deep leafage and bright blossoms of asters, red and blue verbenas, golden rod, the milk-plant and convolvulus, the wild cherry, and with miles of sunflowers—the latter all alike turning as with faithful glance to the great luminary from which they derive their name, and affording to a lover of symbolisms a beautiful emblem of spiritual and moral allegiance.



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Amongst this vegetation we observed herds of antelopes, several red deer (the white-tailed prairie species), many mule-eared hares, a wild turkey, and several venomous smaller creatures, as the tarantula and the long brown centipede, also large ant-hills.

The tarantula of Texas has a body as large as pigeon's egg, and will nearly cover a man's palm when its legs are spread out. Its eyes are prominent, and glisten with mischief and evil. Its bite is often fatal in this region, and it is one of the worst pests of the prairie, but displays great ingenuity in the construction of the circular valve-like doors of its subterranean dwelling.

After sundown one of the passengers exclaimed, "Lightning bugs!" and, on turning to see what these were, we found them to be fire-flies, a number of which were gliding in beautiful curves across a stream, like silently floating stars of bright green fire amongst the deepening shades of the surrounding foliage. This was at the head of the Concho, a tributary of the river Colorado of Texas, and from hence onward the prairies gradually became more and more sprinkled with trees, until entirely lost in the vast forests of the western limits of the Mississippi valley. We observed fire-flies after this almost every evening until reaching the Atlantic. They are one of the principal ornaments of an American landscape after sunset.

### SIXTEENTH DAY Fort Chadbourne

At the Concho we met the westward-bound stage, eight days from St. Louis, and, as we reached the station just before it, we had the single relay of horses which was on the spot, leaving for the use of the other waggon only our own already jaded animals. This was the case at several stations, owing to defective arrangements. At this station a week ago, a man was scalped by the Indians; early this morning we passed a small party of Texan Rangers proceeding in search of the offenders.

To-day we reached Fort Chadbourne, and breakfasted at the first inclosed farm we have seen since leaving California, and at the same time met with the first appearance of slavery in our route, as a

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regular institution. Our table and food were black with clustering flies, which crowded even into our tea, and had to be spooned out by wholesale.

After starting from Chadbourne, as we were going down an arroyo or ravine across the plain, one of our company exclaimed, "There's an Indian on horseback lurking just behind us under the trees!" Our conductor immediately jumped out, and, on perceiving what appeared to be an Indian, fired his revolver at him; but the other was too quick for him, and rapidly galloped off. The conductor vows vengeance against the red men, and declares he has promised to give his wife an Indian scalp "to keep her combs in," and means to fulfil his engagement. He seems to be much of a savage himself, if we may judge by his vile conversation and constant oaths, even worse than the generality of his fraternity. On one occasion he detained us and the mails a quarter of an hour whilst quarreling with another Overland *employé*, and, after mutual threats of "whipping" one another, our worthy finally shirked off, and for some stages further burdened us with his unacceptable company and guidance.

We have to-day passed over a blackened tract of ground, still smouldering in places after a recent prairie fire, which was still burning in the distance, sweeping off the thick herbage and stripping the larger trees of their foliage, at least for this year. Our driver tells us that at this part of the route he has had, on a former journey, to wait for half an hour whilst a long herd of buffaloes passed by; but we have as yet seen none, as they are gone northward during the summer heats.

To-day, and at other times during the route, we have lost our hats whilst nodding in a quiet doze. Each passenger, except the writer, has lost at least one hat "overboard" since leaving San Francisco.

*(To be concluded in the September, 1935, issue)*











Historical Society  
OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



September, 1935. Volume XVII, Number III

Quarterly Publication

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to make of this *Quarterly* a publication of interest to all members of the Society, as well as a journal of lasting historical and scholarly import. If this end is to be attained the full support and cooperation of the members will be required. Accordingly, suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and members and other readers of this publication are invited to submit original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material pertaining to the history of Southern California and neighboring regions, for consideration by the editors.

Additional copies of this *Quarterly* may be purchased from the Society, the price to members being 75 cents per copy, and to non-members \$1.00 per copy.

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Former Butterfield Stage Station, Temescal Valley, Riverside County. Taken about 1913. *Courtesy of Mrs. Chester Gould.*

# Historical Society

OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



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September, 1935

# HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

*Organized November 1, 1883*

*Incorporated February 13, 1891*

## 1935

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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EDITOR'S NOTE

In this issue we conclude William Tallack's narrative of his trip on the Overland Stage, and we also present other articles and data relating to the Butterfield enterprise.

The material contained in this and the June, 1935, issue of this *Quarterly* will be reprinted in an edition of one hundred and fifty copies as "Special Publication No. 1" of this Society, bound copies of which, with a special title page, will be offered for sale at the price of \$2.00 per copy to members and \$2.50 per copy to non-members.





"California Scenery"

# The California Overland Express

The Longest Stage-Ride in the World

*(Continued from June, 1935, Issue)*



## SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH DAYS

### Northeastern Texas

Although still on the furthest verge of the civilized frontier, we have now left the great Western prairies behind us, with their solemn, silent loneliness, and are hourly journeying into thicker and thicker forest regions.

After fording the shallow head-waters of the Brazos we reached Fort Belknap, a place of considerable notoriety in the annals of border Texan exploits, and in its neighbourhood observed more fenced land and loghouses. It being Sunday, we met a party of young men and women riding home from some woodland chapel. Our route to-day, and for hundreds of miles eastward, lay almost uninterruptedly through forests. We have now entered the Cross Timbers, a specially densely-wooded tract of Northern Texas, stretching for two hundred and fifty miles, and with a breadth of about forty miles. It is composed of "post oak," "white oak," Spanish, and "jack oak," hickory, pecan, sycamore, sassafras and persimmon; but the varieties of oak are by far the principal constituents.

With the uninhabited solitudes of the desert and prairie we have also left behind us the rough and often villainous station-keepers and their coarse fare. The stations hereabouts and henceforward are kept by persons who generally have, in connection with them, a store or farm, and whose accommodation and manners are a decided improvement on what we have hitherto met with. To-day we had green Indian-corn served as a vegetable for dinner. It resembles peas in flavour and juiciness. Further on our bill of fare included at times potatoes, salads, pies, and honeycomb, but scarcely on any occasion could we obtain any milk.

At night this portion of the route was rendered very lively by the constant jolting through the rough forest tracts, and by an increasingly uneven surface, as well as by the loud rattles, chirpings, and scrapings of innumerable katydids and wild crickets. Happily

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we had also glorious moonlight; and it was very pleasant to have such aid, both when walking and riding.

After traveling nearly eight hundred miles over Texan soil we now reached almost the only Texan town on our route, a neat little place named Gainesville; and a few miles further on we came to Sherman, near the Red River. Here our backwoodsman companion, "Texas," took leave of us; also another Californian miner, a disagreeable fellow, who, with his similarly surly dog, had been thrust in upon us as "way passengers" at Fort Chadbourne, two hundred and eighty-five miles west of Sherman.

Thus lightened, and without receiving at present any other passengers, we drove rapidly over a temporary re-appearance of prairies and blossomed plains, till about sunset we entered the dark and tangled jungle which for many hundred miles skirts the Red River. The trees hereabouts were densely festooned with wild vines, bright convulvi, and crimson trumpet-flowers. The scene was a mixture of forest, garden, swamp, vineyard, hopyard, and jungle all in one. The road was of stoneless earth and mud, with frequently projecting and jolting stumps; whilst over some specially shaky parts patches of "corduroy" were laid down, along whose ribbed irregular surface our motion was none of the smoothest. We found the muddy water of the Red River much beneath its usual level, and were ferried across by slaves, from one deep red earthy bluff of bank to another similar one on the eastern side, up which we scrambled; and were now in the Indian Territory, the tract of fertile region, five hundred miles long by two hundred broad, permanently guaranteed by the Federal Government to the remnant of the various tribes who once were lords of the whole territory from the Mississippi to the Atlantic.

After supper at a large log-house, we again traveled all night through forest regions, and on awaking in the morning perceived two new companions sitting in our midst, one a government agent for the protection of the Indian tribes hereabouts and the other, a Yankee schoolmaster of a mission-school for the young aborigines. We found both of these to be gentlemen, and in conversation and politeness, a great improvement compared with the passengers who left us at Sherman.

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### NINETEENTH DAY The Indian Territory

Notwithstanding the general exclusion of whites from the occupation of land in the Indian Territory, we found several in possession of farms in the most fertile districts. Early this morning we breakfasted at one such establishment, taking our meal under the verandah outside an open door, just within which the lady of the house was comfortably smoking a pipe, whilst still in bed, with her daughter at her side. Both watched the operations at the table with the easy *nonchalance* of backwoods-etiquette. Similarly comfortable, an old negress was smoking at the door of one of the out-buildings, and at the same time keeping a quiet eye upon a number of frolicking curly-headed black children, some of whose seniors might, however, have been less at ease in the establishment, than appeared to be the case with themselves; for, in front of the verandah, there was a notice offering "two hundred and fifty dollars reward for the apprehension of my slave Frank," who had run off in search of a happier allotment.

As visitors we could not complain of our fare here, as we had sweet green corn and the first potatoes since the commencement of our journey from San Francisco.

The Indian Territory much resembles the better parts of Texas in its fertile openings, abundance of wood, and adaptability for agriculture, more especially for cattle-raising. It is thinly peopled by the surviving representatives of the Choctaws, Cherokees, Chickasaws, Creeks, Shawnees, Kickapoos, Seminoles, Pawnees, Wichitas, and Delawares, an aggregate population of eighty thousand, of whom a fourth are Choctaws.

These tribes have always been somewhat superior in character to the Indians of the prairie and desert regions westward, including the Apaches, Comanches, and Arapahoes. All the latter are more treacherous than the eastern races, from whom they differ in various other respects; as, for instance, by the use of bows and arrows instead of rifles, by living more in the saddle than on foot, and by an almost total disuse of agriculture or settled residences. They are also more licentious, but less cruel than the former.



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The leading tribes now established in the Territory are the Choctaws and Cherokees. The latter are the most intelligent and civilized, and have amongst them a regular aristocratic organization. They have good houses, and keep slaves. The young Choctaws eagerly seek matrimonial alliances with the Cherokee ladies, many of whom are well dowered both with wealth and education, and have adopted crinolines and pianos.

Open murder and private assassination, together with perjury and miscellaneous outrages, are characteristics of the tribes in the Territory, especially amongst the Chickasaws and Choctaws. Small as the allotted district is which is thus apportioned for the permanent possession of so many, and formerly so extensive nations, there seems every probability that, in spite of the ample opportunities these now enjoy for quiet progress and increase, two or three generations will witness their extinction. As we traversed the sunny forest glades and fertile undulations of open land, our American passengers expressed, in no gentle terms, their disapprobation of the forbearance of the Federal Government in reserving such an ample and splendid region for a population so scanty and so evidently unable to avail themselves of even a small portion of the vast and easily attainable advantages set before them. The Indian Territory confirms the almost universal experience that, by nations as well as by individuals, permanent establishment and eminent usefulness can only be attained through the means of the many gradations and varieties of a long preliminary discipline. Humanly speaking, it appears absolutely impossible for aboriginal races like the North American Indians to maintain an existence advantageous to their neighbours or to themselves, when brought into contact with superior races; and facts abundantly testify to the wisdom and mercy of that apparently inevitable law of Providence that no such inveterately savage race shall be by any means enabled, in these latter ages of the world's history, to continue as a thorn and stumbling-block in the way of the elder and nobler nations, who have been brought, through ages of political and social discipline, to a foremost position of beneficent influence in Christendom and in the world at large. So that, whilst we may mourn, in a poetical and traditionary point of view, over



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the gradual but certain disappearance of these "children of the forest," after their ages of mere animal enjoyment of an uncivilized and unprogressive existence, and whilst seeking the temporal and spiritual improvement of the survivors, we may thankfully reflect on the incalculable benefits to mankind to be derived from the possession of their vast vacated territories by races who have borne hither, and laboriously established, from beyond the Atlantic, the accumulated treasures both of their own rich civilization and that also of the first-born and pre-eminently favoured nations of Palestine, Greece, and Rome.

The southern continuation of the Ozark mountains extends into the Indian Territory, adding to the picturesqueness of the scenery more than to the facility of travel. We took twelve hours in accomplishing forty-seven miles through this district, which became far more difficult northward. Much of the territory is carboniferous, and in many parts beautiful fossils are obtained, and, in particular, fine specimens of dendritic rock.

We found the temperature, though extremely warm, hereabouts ( $98^{\circ}$  in the shade) far more endurable than that experienced in the Colorado and Gila deserts.

### TWENTIETH DAY

#### Arkansas

This was the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, "the glorious Fourth," and accordingly, at midnight, the passengers (all being Americans except the writer) welcomed its advent with loud hurrahs. Yet it had been interesting to the writer to notice repeatedly, during the journey, how his republican companions freely expressed their deep discontent with many of their own political circumstances, especially deploring the hopeless corruption of their executive government.

A radical source of political evil was acknowledged to be the unprecedented place-hunting encouraged by the established practice of compelling all subordinate *employés* (including post-masters and custom-house officials) to evacuate their situations at every change

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in the administration, and frequently at shorter intervals. Thus personal merit and exemplary performance of duty receive no reward, but actually place their exhibitor in a more unfavourable position as to his own pecuniary interests than that enjoyed by immoral and unprincipled persons. A gentleman remarked to the writer that, during his ten years' residence in San Francisco, he had known almost every desk in the city custom-house officered afresh about six times. Another Californian, speaking of Federal *employés* generally, added, "They go in for the stealings," more than for their regularly recognized emolument. The recent defalcations and disclosures in the highest circles at Washington abundantly prove the truth of this remark.

To-day we breakfasted at Scullyville, a station kept by the governor of the Choctaws, who has here a thriving farm. Near one of the Indian villages we observed a post with a hole at the top, through which balls are driven with sticks by the Indians when playing their national game. This sport requires great skill, and is rough work, often leading to severe injuries or loss of life.

Major Blain (Indian protector under the Federal Government, and one of our passengers) remarks that he has been struck with the poetic beauty of many of the expressions in the aboriginal languages. Thus, the Comanches call the stars "God's eyes," and the moon is the "night queen." He adds that this once powerful and dreaded nation are now fearfully wasting away, through their degraded habits imitated from the worst of the whites. It is characteristic generally of savage aborigines that, on contact with superior races, they immediately adopt the worst vices of the latter, whilst obstinately and hopelessly refusing to profit by their virtues.

After a hot and dusty drag of fifteen miles in six hours, our horses fairly gave in, and we had to walk the last part of the stage west of Fort Smith. On reaching this town, on the frontier of Arkansas and of civilization, we found every one holiday-keeping, in honour of "the Fourth." We were allowed two hours' delay—a very welcome opportunity for a bath and a leisurely dinner at a regular hotel. There we emerged on the comforts of ice-water and ice-cream, both such universal requirements of loyal American citizens in summer.

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Our landlord had a fat pig in readiness for some western agricultural exhibition, and, in order to restrain any diminution of size by the copious perspiration in the sweltering weather, a large block of ice was placed on the recumbent animal; and the latter seemed very comfortably to appreciate the attention thus given to his personal condition.

At Fort Smith, for once, we met with a really conscientious stage-agent, who refused to permit our being crowded with any further addition to our full complement of way passengers, much to the loudly-expressed chagrin of an Irishman and a lady, who were desirous of favouring us with their presence, regardless of our convenience, if not so of their own.

In the evening we crossed the Arkansas River, on a ferry propelled by two horses walking round a sort of treadmill, or nearly horizontal wheel, communicating motion to the paddles. This kind of locomotive power we had not previously met with, nor did we see any recurrence of it subsequently.

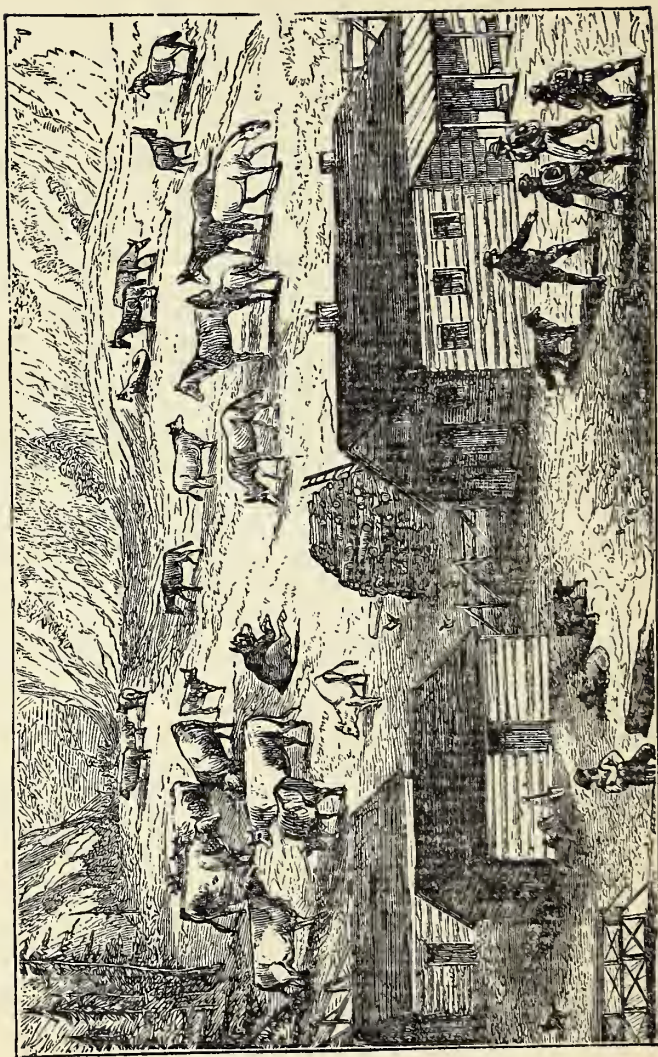
Our route continues through hilly forests, chiefly of oak, but with many hickories and papaw-trees. The latter somewhat resembles laurels, but their large oval leaves are all pendent.

The population hereabouts is still very scanty, and only a few log-houses have broken the solitude of our journey, with the exception of the two towns of Fort Smith and Van Buren, both of which are close to a navigable river.

Smoking seems to be in frequent favour hereabouts with the gentler sex, if we may judge by our observations of both whites and slaves. At a relay station this morning we saw an announcement offering a reward of a thousand dollars for the apprehension of seven runaway negroes.

This evening our route has become more rugged than at any former stage of the journey, except the San Felipe Pass, west of the Colorado Desert, in California. We have passed several emigrant parties resting at campfires and guarded by noisy dogs, all bound to Texas, or still further west.





"A Cattle Ranche in California"

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## TWENTY-FIRST DAY

### The Ozarks

Last night we crossed Boston Mountain, a spur of the Ozarks. Hour after hour we clambored literally "upstairs," for our route lay at times in the channel of a mountain stream, over successive ledges of rock. The worst of the ascent we had to walk, which was more comfortable than when inside, as there was the bright moonlight. The scenery of the deep gorge was very romantic, and fireflies were swarming around us in every direction. When riding, our night was anything but favourable to sleep, being a continuous succession of unmitigated jolts, knocking our faces, shoulders, knees, and backs against the waggon, or one another. But at last tired nature could hold out no longer, and we sank into the soundest and sweetest unconsciousness of the lively behaviour of our vehicle.

Soon after awaking we entered the town of Fayetteville, a go-ahead place possessing its pillared court-house, churches, and ladies' college.

To-day we have traversed a splendid region of forest and meadow openings, scattered with fertile fields of cotton, maize, and especially heavy crops of Hungarian millet-grass.

Our commissariat here amply amends for our recent desert fare. This evening we had a good supper of eggs, honey, potatoes, French beans, steaks, and pastry in abundance, and with courtesy: the latter we do not always receive in addition, when in the plains or elsewhere.

During our journey we have had no opportunity for reading, as the hurried relays and motion of the vehicle have effectually confined our employment to conversation and observation. The former has embraced "things in general," with one exception. We have, by common consent, carefully avoided the slightest allusions to slavery, in its moral and political bearings. This topic has always, and especially of late years, been a dangerous one for travelers in the South, whether northerners or foreigners; and, although some of us had our own decided opinions in favour of abolitionism, we felt that for the present silence was wisdom, as very mild expressions



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of an anti-slavery nature have repeatedly produced most unpleasant and even fatal results to their utterers. It would be particularly disagreeable to have one's journey interrupted in the summary manner which has sometimes been the case with the incautious in these parts. We remembered that, in Texas and Arkansas, suspicion is easily roused; and tar, feathers, or a halter, have often been easily improvised by the irresponsible sovereignty of pro-slavery mobs.

So far, however, as our limited opportunities of observation extended to the agricultural and domestic aspects of slavery in the districts through which we passed, and so far, also, as the dress, conversation, and actions of the negroes hereabouts impressed us, there was evidently a large amount of comfort and moderation in their condition and treatment.

The chief objections to slavery are not so much on the ground of comfort or economy, as on that of the deep and widespread moral degradation and spiritual desolation necessarily implied in the existence of the system.

In the vegetation of these districts sumach-trees and the "jemsens-weed" are abundantly conspicuous. The bright red foliage of the former is very ornamental; its leaves are used by the Indians as a substitute for tobacco. The "jemsens-weed" is so named from its having been mistaken for salad by the early Virginian colonists of Jamestown, an awkward mishap which nearly led to serious results, as it is the stramonium of the pharmacopoeia, or a closely allied species. Other prevalent blossoms hereabouts are those of the mullein, horse-mint, iron-weed, red asters, wild carnation, and "poke-weed."

### TWENTY-SECOND DAY

#### Western Missouri

In Missouri at last. Yesterday we changed at Fayetteville from a light waggon to a regular Western "coach," similar to the one in which we started from San Francisco; but with it we received an accession of five passengers inside—a widow and four small children. Last night, in accordance with the established habit of our journey, when it became dark we dropped into silence, or tried to, in order

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to sleep, but in vain; talk, talk, continued the widow, though receiving from us very monosyllabic replies, and then broader and broader hints as to acceptableness of quiet, which at last were complied with, till we slept.

Early in the morning we reached Springfield, where the mail agent found that it would be impossible to forward all the miscellaneous coachful of passengers, luggage, and letter-bags, so as to reach the Syracuse railroad in time to despatch the latter by to-morrow's train to St. Louis, which, if missed, would entail a further delay to the mails of forty-eight hours, till Monday morning, as no train would run between that time and to-morrow (Saturday) morning.

Having all along been much incommoded by the bulky mail-sacks, we now gained through them the advantage of an accelerated conclusion to our journey, as the agent here decided to forward the letters and the through passengers by a smaller fast conveyance, leaving the coach, the widow, and her family, with the remaining passengers and baggage, to follow more at leisure. Thus freed from *impedimenta*, we started at a brisk rate.

But we were still one hundred and thirty-five miles from the western terminus of "the Pacific Railroad," at Syracuse, and it was a very doubtful matter whether, with the utmost exertion, we could accomplish this so as to save the Saturday train leaving at eight o'clock to-morrow for St. Louis, as it was now six on Friday morning. However, on we went, driven in the characteristic wild style of Yankee drivers, and, when near a relay, perceived the westward-bound stage coming over a hill.

We knew that, if this reached the station before ourselves, it would secure the right of priority in case there being only one relay of horses at hand, which would ruin our chance of catching the train, as the last stage in would have to proceed with already jaded horses. Our driver urged on the team, and we drew up at the station just a few minutes before the others came steaming in. The fresh horses were ours, and were also, as we had anticipated, the only animals in waiting. Thus aided, we dashed on again, and kept it up briskly all day.

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In the evening we crossed the Osage River at an easily fordable point near the town of Warsaw. Here one of our through passengers left us. He was a gold-digger, returning, after nine years' absence in California, to his Missourian home, scarcely richer than when he left it; yet he appeared to be a sober, industrious, and agreeable young man. He gives it, as the result of his observation at the diggings, that very few indeed ever succeed in amassing fortunes there.

In Western Missouri we have seen unmistakable traces of the tornadoes which often visit these regions bordering on the open prairies, where the winds sweep along with the gathered force of hundreds of miles of unimpeded momentum.

### TWENTY-THIRD DAY The Pacific Railroad—St. Louis

We continued our race for the train all night, and with success; for, soon after awakening this morning, we saw, rising above the trees before us, the thrice welcome and readily recognized wreaths of the white breath of the "iron-horse," at the Syracuse station and western terminus of the "Pacific Railroad." A few minutes more and we had completed our long and uninterrupted ride of twenty-seven hundred miles; and, as we leaped for the last time from the stage, it was not without feeling some emotion of thankfulness to that good Providence who had brought us thus safely to the termination of a journey characterized by extreme interest and variety, and by more than a little peril and physical exertion.

We had yet an hour before the train started, an interval very essential for changing the condition of our dusty persons and worn-out clothes, etc. Then, after a hearty breakfast, never did a ride seem more luxuriously comfortable than the smooth and rapid motion of the commodious railway-cars, both by their contrast with our three weeks' route over rugged mountain and rolling prairie, as well as by the restful feeling arising from the secure accomplishment of a journey so different from any in our former experiences of travel.

Thus, reclining with a delightful ease and satisfaction on the softly-cushioned seats, we skirted for nearly a hundred miles the whirling

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waters of the turbid wide Missouri—past Jefferson City, the capital of the State, past white double-tiered steamboats on our left, and neat towns, rich harvests, and tributary rivers on our right, till, in the early afternoon, we rolled into a spacious terminus; from which we emerged once more into the active scenes of city life, amongst the crowded thoroughfares, lofty edifices, hotels, street railways, and bustling wharves of St. Louis, the populous and thriving emporium of the Upper Mississippi.\*

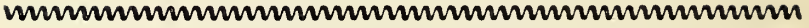
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*\* Almost immediately after the commencement of the Civil War in the States this Southern Overland Express was discontinued, the route being no longer passable with safety. There is, however, another express established farther northwards, passing from the eastern frontiers of California through the Mormon Salt Lake City, and on by Nebraska to the Missouri and the eastern railroads. But this express staging is less interesting than the one above described. The scenery is less varied. The distance is eight hundred or a thousand miles less. The journey is broken, usually for some days at Salt Lake City, and the passengers are enabled to sleep at some of the way-side stations at night, instead of the uninterrupted riding or walking of the Butterfield route above described, and its five hundred hours' continuous motion. With regard to the "Pacific Railroad," there are several lines of proposed route. The one which has been the most strongly recommended in the official reports to the Federal Government would pass along very near the route taken by the writer and his companions in the preceding sketches. Yet it is not improbable but that the colonies of the British Colonial Confederation may construct a railway to the Pacific, from the Atlantic seaboard, and entirely within their own territories, even at an earlier date than any such one on either of the routes contemplated by their "go-ahead" neighbours.*



# Notes of Travel by the Overland Mail

SAN FRANCISCO TO FORT YUMA



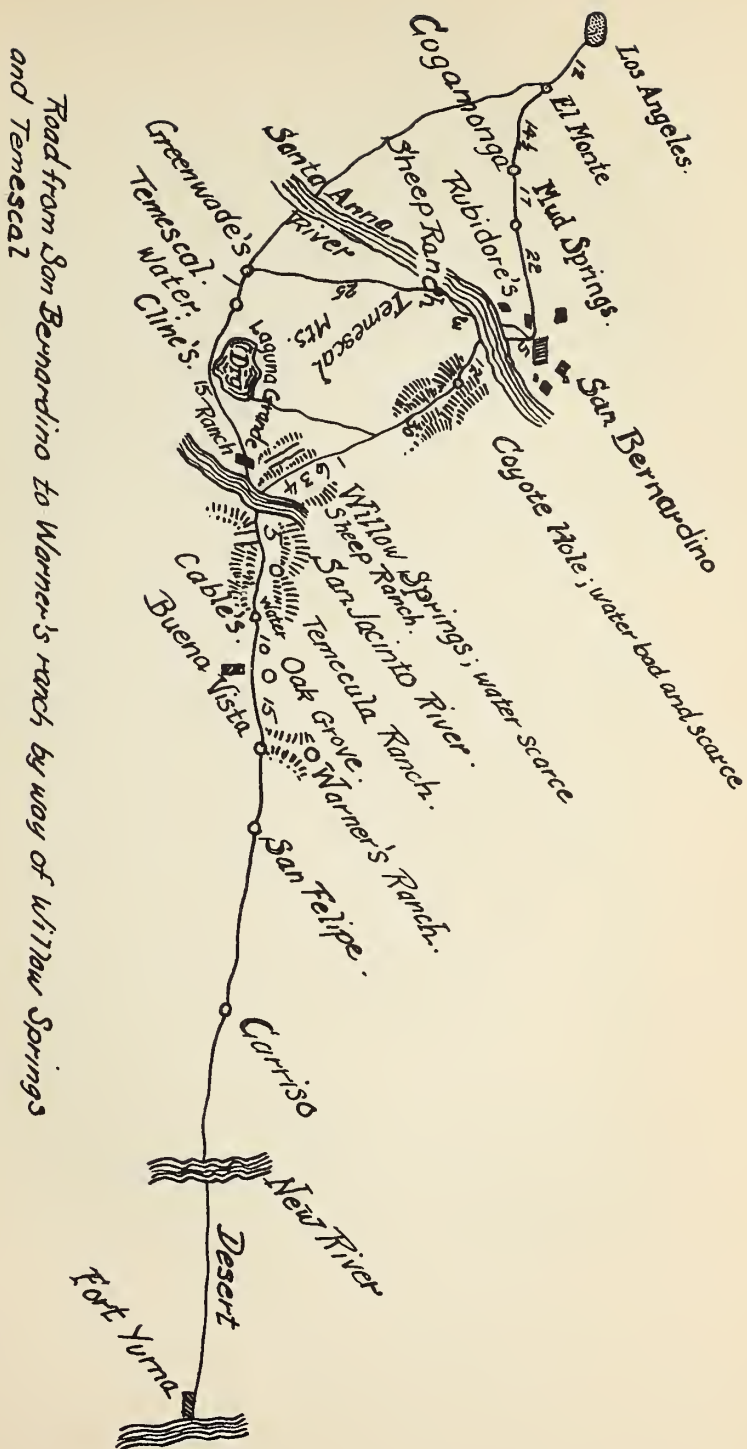
*(Excerpt from the San Francisco Bulletin of Nov. 5, 1858)*

After a somewhat tedious, but not disagreeable journey, your correspondent has reached this far inland region of the Great Republic, and finds himself surrounded by the representatives of almost every clime, over which, and pervading all the time, the true native Americans of the wild forests—such as the Yumas, Cocopas, Dieguiños, San Luiseños, Cahuillas, Mohaves and Serranas—predominate. But to return to the beginning of my journey.

## FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN JOSE

I left San Francisco, by the Butterfield Overland Mail, on the early morning of 22d October, and dozed down the way to dawn. The passengers were nearly all asleep when we approached Santa Clara. The rain of the previous day had rendered the roads heavy, so that we were retarded in our speed to an extent that rendered us two hours and a half behind the usual time when we reached San José. The *alameda*, connecting Santa Clara and San José, was looking most beautiful. The towns of Santa Clara and San José both wore a dripping appearance. The streets were muddy, the air was humid, the plants and shrubbery were dropping moisture, the houses looked damp, and the inhabitants all seemed as though they just issued from their baths. Beatty's Hotel furnished us with a cold and scanty breakfast, which we had to eat within the brief space of 7½ minutes, owing to our being so much behind time with the mail. Here we took in three passengers for Missouri, making in all five persons directly bound for a straight passage through to the Eastern States, besides two way-passengers.





Map of the Butterfield Stage Routes in Southern California. Copied from map published in "War of Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," Part I, Series I, Vol. 50, p. 31, accompanying Report of the Pursuit and Capture of the Shoveliter Party at Warner's Ranch in the San Jose Valley, California, November 20-29, 1861.



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### GILROY'S—PACHECO PASS—AN EQUESTRIENNE AND GRIZZLIES

The road was heavy from San José to the Twenty-one-mile House, and the sky looked threatening; but all the frowns that filled the sky were dissipated by a few scattering tear-drops, so that we were not annoyed with a further visitation of "heavy wet." At the Twenty-one-mile House five mustangs were hitched to the cumbersome vehicle in which we were placed, and though the road was soggy, they soon carried us to Gilroy's—a distance of nine miles in 47 minutes. At Gilroy's we took dinner, and then again took our seats, to be dragged by a fast team towards the Pacheco Pass. A lady on horseback accompanied us some five miles on our way from Gilroy's, whether for company or protection, I know not; but before leaving us and entering a neat cottage by the wayside, she wished us God-speed and a speedy return! We knew that she spoke from the heart, and so gave her a cheer on parting.

Up to this point, nothing of interest had attracted my attention; and the only objects that had induced a passing reflection were a beautiful graveyard near the roadside at the foot of the mountain, and a very prominent peak styled Murphy's Point, near to Gilroy's stopping place. We reached the foot of the Pacheco Pass on the evening of the 22d, and after changing horses commenced the ascent. The road winds evenly up the mountain through the gap, with a steep descent on the right side ascending; and, though the road runs very near to some steep places, its grade is so gradual and its surface so smooth, that no danger need be apprehended by the tenants of the coach. As it is some six miles to the top of the mountain pass, we walked to relieve the horses, and reached the summit of the mountains as the evening star was glowing in the west. The Flag-staff Rock is the principal object worthy of notice. It is near the summit, and is a bold, rugged mass of rock, whereon some adventurous individual has placed the Stars and Stripes.

The moonlight view was superbly grand from the top of the pass, and the atmosphere was of a most delightful temperature. We descended from the mountain with great rapidity, much to the relief of the driver, who was terribly afraid of meeting with grizzlies. The

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passengers observing this, contributed no little to increase his terror by rolling rocks down the sides of the steep banks, and crying, *grizzlies!* However, a cup of bean coffee, some stale bread, and cold meat, partaken at the San Luis Ranch, caused us to forget all alarm, and reconcile us to another night's travel in a stage coach.

### THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY—KERN RIVER

On the morning of the 23d, we found ourselves traversing the almost pathless valley of the San Joaquin, our general course being southeast. The road at this point was abominably soft and wet, the late rain having made the dust very sticky and putty-like. We jogged along at a snail's pace until we reached the South Fork, or rather Slough of the San Joaquin, the "head of navigation," *alias* Fresno City. There we were well received by Mr. Cumming, and furnished with an ample amount of hot coffee and nicely fried venison steaks.

Leaving his hospitable mansion with regret, we were soon driving over the plain towards the Elk Horn Spring Ranch, which we reached about 12 o'clock, when we found the house had been burned down but a week before. The former tenants were living under a tent. They had, however, plenty of elk and deer meat ready cooked to greet our appetites. The water is of a most insipid quality along this portion of the route, yet a little of the "ardent" renders it quite palatable.

The next stopping place was at Kern River, where we were taken in a boat across the stream, leaving the stage, and taking one of smaller size on the opposite bank. There is a very steep sandy hill to be surmounted immediately after starting, which renders it necessary for the passengers to walk up it. This is soon accomplished by all, and very easily done by those who hang on to the boot-straps behind the stage. When the hill is mounted there is no further difficulty to be encountered to delay our progress; and so away we went over the alkali plain until we met the mail coach. Then we changed horses, and after a hurried drive of some 15 miles found ourselves on the banks of the South Fork of the Kern, where we took a late dinner, characterized by the appearance on the table of plenty of sweet milk and fresh butter.

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### THE DEVIL'S GULCH—KING'S RIVER—VISALIA

Leaving this comfortable abode of plenty, we were hastily driven over the alkali soil until we reached the alkali hills, when down we went, kiting along as fast as the mustangs could gallop. Through the Devil's Gulch we slowly moved along, the road being so serpentine in its course as to represent the channel of a most tortuous stream. High alkali hills enclose it on all sides, and scarcely a hundred yards of the road is visible in any part of the way. It is a stony, bold and curious formation, and worthy the attention of geologists.

After leaving the Devil's Gulch, we urged our way to King's River, which we reached on the evening of the 23d, in fine style, about dusk. We were transferred to the other side on a ferry-boat, in good condition, without accident or delay. Taking in two passengers for Visalia, we were speedily on our way again, and reached that town at 10 o'clock, where we got a weak cup of tea and a slice of beef or so—hardly enough to satisfy the inner man.

Here we were transferred to another coach, with Wild Vic for our driver, who carried us along to the next stopping place—making sixteen miles in one hour and sixteen minutes. This was night driving with a vengeance, and such a growling among the passengers was never heard, as their heads were unceremoniously knocked against the staves that composed the framework of the cover. The road was rough, the night dark, the mustangs wild, and all out of humor, owing to the bad supper; and you can well imagine that we had an exciting time of it, and a swift journey.

### FORT TEJON—MISHAPS, ETC.—LOS ANGELES

A few moments, and fresh horses were added to the coach, and off again we went at a running flight of speed. After another change, we found ourselves at Fort Tejon, at the summit of the mountain pass. The weather was very cold here, and it was the most disagreeable part of the journey—owing to the agent at Tejon having crowded us with way-passengers, and the team being too light to carry us up the hills. As a consequence of the overload, and the weakness of the team, we were compelled to walk nearly through



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the whole of Tejon Pass, the sky being cloudy, the wind cold and piercing and the night dark.

The following morning, the 24th, found us on Rabbit Lake, the weather being terribly cold, with the coldest wind blowing I ever felt in California. Our next meal was taken in San Francesquito Gulch, at Mr. Willburn's. There is a regular descent here down along this almost interminable gulch, of 25 miles, until the Los Angeles plain is reached. On leaving Willburn's the nigh wheel horse fell and was dragged some twenty feet down the hill, but he was soon got up and found to be uninjured. Shortly after the mishap, in going over a rut, the cross-bar of the coach broke, and it was found to have been made of pine, and not of oak—as it should have been, being one of the new coaches, and intended for mountain travel. This we managed to repair without much loss of time, and once more took our seats for Los Angeles, at which place we arrived about four in the evening of the 24th.

### THE MONTE—THE ROUTE TO FORT YUMA—THE DESERT

Here we met Mr. George W. Woods, the Company's superintendent of the road between Los Angeles and Fort Yuma, and learned that he intended to accompany us to Fort Yuma. One-half hour was given us to get supper and lay in a supply of provisions for our trip across the Colorado Desert. Ham, sardines, crackers, jellies and can-meats, formed our principal stock in the way of edibles. After seeing our baggage safely placed on another stage, we went to supper; and next took our seats and started on our journey through the Monte, a town 14 miles from Los Angeles.

Here night set—and next morning, the 25th, we found ourselves near Lake Laguna—a body of water about six miles in extent, some 22 miles from Temacula village. At Laguna Lake we changed horses, and at 10 o'clock found ourselves at Temacula village, occupied by the San Luis Indians. Not far from the village is the Temacula Ranch, where we got breakfast. After changing stage and horses, we passed by Clark's Ranch, Oak Grove, Warner's Ranch, and San Felipe.

After leaving the last place, we struck the Colorado Desert. We

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descended down a precipitous hill into the desert, the hill having very much the appearance of an extinct volcano. The hill looked like the oldest ruins of time, and impressed the mind with a terrible sense of awe. The night of the 25th set, finding us on the desert. Vallecito and then Palm Springs were passed during the night.

Sunrise on the 26th found us at Cariso Creek, 19 miles in the desert. Here Mr. Farmer, *alias* Poney, took charge of the reins until we reached Fort Yuma. After leaving Cariso Creek, we came to Indian Wells, 32 miles, with six horses. The next place was Alamo Mucho Wells, 24 miles; then to Cook's Wells, 26 miles; next, Pilot Knob, 18 miles; next, Fort Yuma, 10 miles. The whole desert, being 128 miles across to Fort Yuma, was traveled over in 30 hours. The distance from Los Angeles to Fort Yuma is 280 miles. At the latter place, my present abode, we arrived on the evening of the 28th of October. The whole distance from San Francisco to this fort is 750 miles.

### GENERAL REMARKS ON THE ROUTE—PROVISIONS FOR THE TRAVELERS

The trip to this place has been attended with very little more than the usual inconvenience attending stage travel. Provisions up to this point can be had all along the route at six bits (75 cents) per meal. Beef, dried apples, beans, potatoes, and frequently pies and venison—just as it happens—forming the sum-total of the traveler's diet. Hot rolls occasionally, like meeting a long-absent friend, make their appearance, and as suddenly disappear. The trip over the Desert is not overly tedious, as there is a novelty about that precludes *ennui*. All that the traveler needs to render himself comfortable is a pair of blankets, a revolver or knife (just as he fancies), an overcoat, some wine to mix with the water (which is not of the sweetest quality), and three or four dollars' worth of provisions, purchased at Los Angeles, to last him over the Desert. In a short time, as soon as things are rendered more complete, meals can be had at all the stations, and there will not be any need of taking provisions from Los Angeles. Those of our party who continued on from this point purchased their provisions here to last them to Tucson.

### THE HEAT—DRIVERS—WAY-PASSENGERS

On the Desert, the heat at mid-day was only 95° Fahr., while the

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nights were agreeably cool and pleasant. The horses used in the stages are mostly mustangs, wild as deer, and as active as antelope. It takes two men to hold the leaders when they are harnessed, and when let loose away they bound as though kicked by lightning. The mustangs are all shod and branded "O. M." Six horses are commonly used on the Desert, the sand being so deep in some places that the passengers are compelled to walk, the horses being scarcely able to drag the empty vehicle. The thermometer seldom rose over 80° Fahr. during the day, except on the Desert, when the mercury went up to the height above stated. The drivers employed by the Company are not only the best "whips" I have ever seen, but the most cheerful, happy and polite set of men to be met with anywhere. The greatest inconvenience we suffered during the journey was caused by the agents along the road crowding us with way-passengers. Certainly it was most unjustifiable, because they crowded in so many as to render all attempts at comfort or repose impossible. This annoyance only takes place between San Francisco and Los Angeles. From Los Angeles, all is right on this score.

### SCENERY ON THE ROUTE—BAD DRINKING WATER

There is very little scenery to be met with on the road worthy of mention. The Desert presents an almost interminable sameness of sand or sand hills, with the Sierra mountains looming up in the distance, capped with thick fog, which at first sight resembles snow. When we struck the Desert alkali water sensibly affected us all—operating in a diuretic manner. I would advise all to take with them an ounce of tartaric acid, as it has an admirable effect in relieving disagreeable sensation, occasioned by drinking the water in unusual quantities. Near the summit of the Pacheco Pass there is a sulphur spring, which is most strongly impregnated, and I believe would be most healthy to drink, were travelers otherwise situated.

### INDIAN RESERVATION NEAR FORT YUMA

I would have written along the route, but found it impossible, owing to the want of time and opportunity. I am at present the guest of Major H. P. Heintzelman (Fort Yuma). He is here for the

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purpose of examining the Colorado, in order to establish an Indian reservation and to examine into Indian matters generally. He is a gentleman every way qualified for the responsible duties assigned him, and one, I should take it, who is thoroughly posted in all matters pertaining to the character, national traits and wants of the Indians. The agents of the Company have kindly extended to me every facility for learning all about the route and the country generally, so as to make my notes of travel to the *Bulletin* complete.

The Indians have not as yet proved troublesome, but they look hungry and savage enough, God knows. I am glad that the Government is at last awakening to a sense of the importance of providing a home for the Indian tribes in Southern California. A home for them has long been wanted. It may be supposed that Major Heintzelman will do all that can be done to provide such an abode for them.

### ODDS AND ENDS

Mr. G. W. Woods, the agent for the Company over the road between Los Angeles and Fort Yuma, has given your correspondent peculiar facilities for collecting information, and has arranged for me to lie over at Tucson. His duties are arduous, and he evidently performs them with a zeal and efficiency that reflects honor on the Company. I have met here an old friend, Mr. Washington Jacobs. He is looking well, and holds a responsible office under the Company. It was really a pleasure for me to meet with him, and answer inquiries about his friends.

As the up-mail is hourly expected, I have written in a great hurry, and must defer any remarks about this place and vicinity until tomorrow. Have just been informed that arms are furnished the passengers at Tucson, and that a guard of three men accompany the stage.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference to the Kern River at a point north of Visalia is an error caused, apparently, by a confusion on the writer's part respecting the numerous streams issuing from the Sierra. The station of "Palm Springs" here mentioned should, of course, not be confused with the present winter resort of that name, which is located many miles to the north of the Butterfield stage route across the desert.*)]



## Outline of the Butterfield Route



*(From pamphlet accompanying Dixon and Kasson's "Map of the Overland and Ocean-Mail Routes," San Francisco, Hutchings and Rosenfield, February, 1859.)*

This road runs from St. Louis, Missouri, and Memphis, Tennessee, *via* Fort Smith, El Paso, Fort Yuma, Los Angeles and San José, to San Francisco, California.

Butterfield & Co. are the contractors; the service is tri-weekly, for six hundred thousand dollars per annum; schedule time, twenty-four days.

This route has been fully equipped with horses, mules and coaches. Stations are also located at intervals through the entire route. Each station has a guard of twenty-five men, well armed—a force fully adequate with the protection afforded by the manner of the construction of the stations—to resist any number of Indians likely ever to be collected in one hostile body. Each train will be guarded through the wilderness, from station to station, by a guard of twenty-five men.

The vehicles used upon the road from Fort Smith westward are of the description known as Celerity Coaches. They are of the build of the common Troy coach, and the body is hung upon the same kind of springs and in a similar manner. Instead, however, of the heavy wooden top, with iron railing around it in common use, they have a light canvas covering supported by light uprights, after the manner of the Jersey wagon. This covering affords ample protection against the weather, while it greatly diminishes the weight of the vehicle, as well as its liability to upset. The Company have over one hundred of these coaches, which they are running regularly.

*Llanos Estacados*, or Staked Plains, is a barren, sandy desert, and by the route of the Company's road, is seventy-five miles wide. From streams on either side of this plain, the Company supplies water to the stations with regular water trains, fitted up expressly for the



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purpose. The wagons used for this purpose are constructed with large tin tanks, similar in shape to the boilers of a steamboat, and capable of holding as much water as a team of six mules can draw. These teams run regularly, conveying water to the different stations, where large reservoirs are prepared to receive and preserve it for the use of passengers and the employes and stock of the company. This is, of course, a very expensive method of supplying the indispensable element, but as thus far all efforts to obtain it by boring or otherwise have proved futile, the company must submit to it for the present.

The company have spared no expense to perfect such arrangements as will insure success to the enterprise. They have furnished the entire route with an ample supply of men, provisions, water, stock, vehicles, teamsters, and tools and workshops to keep their equipment in repair. Through the agency of this route, new sections of country will be opened up, mail and passenger facilities afforded to communities situated in proximity to the line, and a safe internal communication with our different states and territories. To those who dread the sea passage, or who enjoy traveling through a comparatively wild and unexplored region, this route will offer great attractions. Sea-sickness, Isthmus fever, and shipwreck inconveniences, but too frequently encountered on the ocean line, may now all be avoided.

The rate of passage, at present, is \$100. Each passenger will be allowed fifty pounds of baggage, and will be required, in addition to paying his fare, to subsist himself. The company, however, are preparing accommodations along the route, where good meals can be procured.

The crossing of the Rio Grande, near La Mesilla, is effected with much difficulty and trouble, in fording at a low stage of water, owing to the quicksands in the channel, and at high water the rapidity of the current makes ferrying tedious and dangerous. A bridge over the Rio Grande is greatly needed by the large trains of emigrants *en route* to the Pacific Coast, and also by the Overland Mail Company. The Mimbres and San Pedro are small streams, and are easily forded at all seasons. The Colorado is crossed by ferry.

Appended, are the stations and the distances.

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### Distances from San Francisco to St. Louis

Memorandum of distances between the stations on the overland route from San Francisco to St. Louis, *via* Arizona, and of the time made on the first trip; San Francisco to Clark's, 12; Sun Water 9; Redwood City, 9; Mountain View, 12; San José, 11; Seventeen Mile House, 17; Gilroy, 13; Pacheco Pass, 18; St. Louis Ranch, 17; Lone Willow, 18; Temple's Ranch, 13; Firebaugh's Ferry, 15; Fresno City, 19; Elk Horn Spring, 22; Whitmore's Ferry, 17; Cross Creek, 12; Visalia, 12; Packwood, 12; Tule River, 14; Fountain Spring, 14; Mountain House, 12; Posey Creek, 15; Gordon's Ferry, 10; Kern River Slough, 12; Sink of Tejon, 15; Fort Tejon, 15; Reed's, 8; French John's, 14; Widow Smith's, 24; King's, 10; Hart's, 12; San Fernando Mission, 8; Canuengo [sic], 12; Los Angeles, 12—total, 462 miles; time, eighty hours.

Los Angeles to Monte, 13; San José, 12; Rancho del Chino, 12; Temascal, 20; Laguna Grande, 10; Temecula, 21; Tejungo, 14; Oak Grove, 12; Warner's Ranch, 10; San Felipe, 16; Vallecito, 13; Palm Springs, 9; Carisso Creek, 9; Indian Wells (without water), 32; Alamo Mucho (without water), 24; Cook's wells (without water), 22; Pilot Knob, 18; Fort Yuma, 10—total, 282 miles; time, seventy-two hours and twenty minutes.

Fort Yuma to Swiveler's, 20; Filibuster Camp, 18; Peterman's, 19; Griswell's, 12; Flap Jack Ranch, 15; Oatman Flat, 20; Murderer's Grave, 20; Gila Ranch, 17; Maricopa Wells, 40; Socatoon, 22; Picacho, 37; Pointer Mountain, 22; Tucson, 18—total, 280 miles; time, seventy-one hours, forty-five minutes.

Tucson to Seneca Springs (without water), 35; San Pedro (without water), 24; Dragoon Springs (without water), 23; Apache Pass (without water), 40; Stein's Peak (without water), 35; Soldier's Farewell (without water), 42; Ojo de Vaca, 14; Miembre's River, 16; Cook's Springs, 18; Pecacho (without water), 52; Fort Fillmore, 14; Cottonwood, 55; Franklin, 22—total, 360 miles; time, eighty-two hours.

Franklin to Waco Tanks, 30; Canodrus, 36; Pinery (without water); 56; Delaware Springs, 24; Pope's Camp, 40; Emigrant

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Crossing, 65; Horse Head Crossing, 55; Head of Concho (without water), 70; Grape Creek, 22; Fort Chadbourne, 30—total, 428 miles; time, one hundred and twenty-six hours, thirty minutes.

Fort Chadbourne to Station No. 1, 12; Mountain Pass, 16; Phantom Hill, 30; Smith's, 12; Clear Fork, 26; Francis', 13; Fort Belknap, 22; Murphy's, 16; Jackboro', 19; Earhart's, 16; Conolly's, 16; Davidson's, 24; Gainesville, 17; Diamond's, 15; Sherman, 15; Colbert's Ferry (Red River), 13½—total, 282½ miles; time, sixty-five hours, twenty-five minutes.

Colbert's to Fisher's, 13; Wall's, 14; Boggy Depot, 17; Gary's, 17; Waddell's, 15; Blackburn's, 16; Pusley's, 17; Riddell's, 17; Holloway's, 17; Trayon's, 17; Walker's, 17; Fort Smith, 15—total, 192 miles; time, thirty-eight hours.

Fort Smith to Woosley's, 16; Brodie, 12; Park's, 20; Fayetteville, 14; ———, Station, 12; Callaghan's, 22; Harburn's, 19; Conch's, 16; Smith's, 15; Ashmore, 20; Springfield, 13; Evan's, 9; Smith's, 11; Bolivar, 11½; Yost's, 16; Quincy, 16; Bailey's, 10; Warsaw, 11; Burns', 15; Mulholland's, 20; Shackelford's, 13; Tipton, 7—total, 318½ miles; time 48 hours, 55 minutes.

Tipton to St. Louis, 160 miles; time 12 hours, 40 minutes.

### RECAPITULATION

	Miles	Time
San Francisco to Los Angeles.....	462	80
Los Angeles to Fort Yuma.....	282	72:20
Fort Yuma to Tucson.....	280	71:45
Tucson to Franklin.....	360	82
Franklin to Chadbourne.....	428	126:30
Chadbourne to Red River.....	282½	65:25
Red River to Fort Smith.....	192	38
Fort Smith to Tipton.....	318½	48:55
Tipton to St. Louis.....	160	11:40
Total.....	2,765	596:35

Twenty-four days, twenty hours, thirty-five minutes; two hours and nine minutes, for difference in longitude, leaves twenty-four days, eighteen hours and twenty-six minutes.

# The Location

## OF THE BUTTERFIELD STAGE STATION

### IN THE TEMESCAL VALLEY, RIVERSIDE COUNTY

By FRANK ROLFE



Although the official published list names Temescal Valley as the location of one of the Butterfield stage stations, its exact site has long been the subject of controversy, some local residents asserting that it was one of the several old adobes in the neighborhood of Leandro Serrano's home (a mile north from the Glen Ivy resort), and others believing it to have been an adobe some three miles north of Serrano's ranch-house. The majority of old residents interviewed by the writer hold to the latter belief,\* and William H. Brewer, who visited this valley in 1861, while engaged in the geological survey of the State under Professor Whitney, wrote to his brother in New Haven that he camped near the "Temescal Overland Station" which he places four miles from the tin mines and five (at another place he says seven) miles north of the mouth of Coldwater Cañon, thus effectively destroying the claims of the Serrano ranch-house.† Brewer entered the valley from the north and apparently camped at the first

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\* Among those so agreeing were: Dolores and Maria Serrano, daughters of the first settler; members of the Aguilar family, whose parents were probably the second family to settle in the valley; Mrs. Lou Bedford, a resident there from 1865 to 1870; Charles and Ambrose Compton, who came in 1874; members of the McCarty family, who came two years later; H. S. Pankey, who lived in the old station house around 1877-79, and John Craig, long owner of the station site, which was known in the early eighties as the Harrington place and is today in the possession of P. J. Weisel.

† Brewer, Wm. H., "Up and Down California," New Haven, 1930, p. 34.

## The California Overland Express

spot where wood and water was found. This, together with the fact that they were seeking a camping place convenient to the tin mines, leads naturally to the consideration of the north end of the valley as the Temescal stage station site.

Judge Benjamin Hayes states that when he passed through the valley in 1861 one Greenwade lived at the station,† and the problem seems therefore to locate Greenwade's abode. In the "U. S. Rebellion Records" (Series I, Vol. 50, p. 31) are to be found a map showing both "Greenwade" and "Temescal" (the Serrano Rancho); (pp. 28-30) an account by Lt. Turner of an 1861 march through the valley giving the distance from Temescal north to Greenwade's as three miles, and (p. 710) a journal of a march by troops from Fort Latham, near Los Angeles, by way of the valley to Camp Wright, at Warner's Ranch, giving the distance from the Santa Ana River to Greenwade's as twelve miles, thence to Temescal three miles, thence to Lagunita (See Lake) five miles, and thence to Laguna Grande (Elsinore Lake) thirteen miles (probably to a station of that name on the lake shore). This table of distances appears to have been closely estimated and agrees fairly well with the present highway mileage.

Two notable pioneers of San Bernardino, John Brown, Jr., and Byron Waters, knew of the Greenwade place in the Temescal and thought it to be the one used as the Overland station. Mrs. Lou Bedford was living in the valley while Greenwade was there and her brother-in-law afterwards owned the Greenwade place. Mrs. Retta Wall, whose parents moved to Temescal in 1879 and settled on the next place to the south of the Harrington place, says that they spoke of it (Harrington's) as being the one used as the Overland station and formerly owned by Greenwade.

The one fact puzzling the writer and standing in favor of those

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† "Pioneer Notes from the Diaries of Judge Benjamin Hayes," Los Angeles, 1929. Judge Hayes passed twice through the Temescal Valley, first with an emigrant train in 1850, at which time he visited the Serranos in their second home there, and again in 1861. He later married into this family.



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who thought one of the houses near the Serrano home was the one used as a station is the failure of the distances as given in the Bancroft's table of stations to agree as well for the Greenwade place as they do for a point farther south in the valley. In the table the distance from the Temescal station to the Chino station is given as twenty miles and from the Temescal to the Laguna Grande as ten miles. This disagreement the writer thinks is due to the fact that the compiler of the table has taken the Serrano Rancho house as the Overland station and computed the distances to and from it.

The present highway through the Temescal Valley probably holds closely to the trend of that made by the gold seekers in 1849 and the early fifties and that followed by the stages after 1858, for the Temescal is a remarkably straight cañon rather than a valley and the roads of all times have had to keep near its central axis. In the early days there were no fences and the gold seekers and stage drivers could select what seemed to them the best roads. As the main route from the crossing of the Colorado to Los Angeles led through this valley in the time of the gold rush, the road must have been well marked by the time the overland stages commenced running over it, although it was but little improved until after the founding of Elsinore and Corona in the eighties. In the early eighties there were to be found traces of an old road that led off the main highway where it crossed the line between townships 4 and 5 south and, crossing the creek, struck off over the hills and mesas to come into the main road again near the mouth of Gregory Cañon. This detour was probably made to avoid the long pull through the sandy wash traversed by the present improved road, for the "old time" teamster would go up a steep hill rather than face a long pull through sand. A tribute to the teamsters was paid when the engineers locating the present highway kept to the original location which passed close to the stage station rather than take the one passing the Rugby School to which later settlers had swung it. The settling up of the district at the north end of Lake Elsinore and the Corona section has caused deviation from the old highway used by the stages.

Mrs. Lou Bedford says there were two adobe buildings on the Greenwade place in early days, one on each side of the road, and

## The California Overland Express

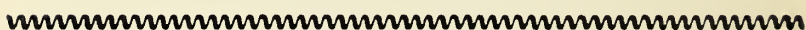
one was used as a post office and store. Mr. Pankey says there was a good-sized adobe on each side of the road. Both were single story buildings, and both had porches and shake roofs. The one he lived in had two rooms, in one of which was a long table with benches for seats, possibly used as a dining room in stage coach days. Another room stood four or five feet from the main building. Mr. Craig says the old adobe was about eighteen by twenty-four feet, with a twelve by twelve foot ell. The main building had one room, together with an attic reached by a ladder. To the south was a small twelve by twelve foot building used as a blacksmith shop. While he was never in this building, the writer as a small boy saw it about 1884 when it was owned by Mr. Harrington. He remembers it as a good adobe house, the smaller building being used as a blacksmith shop. When he last saw it all that remained was the ruins of one corner of one room. Through the efforts of the History and Landmarks Committee of the Corona Woman's Improvement Club (Mrs. Janet Williams Gould, Chairman), a marker was placed on the site of this historic building in 1934. §

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§ See also Ellerbe, Rose, "*History of the Temescal Valley*," *Historical Society of Southern California Annual*, 1920; and Hutchinson, Charles E., "*Development and Use of Transportation Routes in the San Bernardino Valley Region, 1769-1900*," a valuable historical contribution prepared in 1933 as a thesis in the Department of History of the University of Southern California.

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## MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

APRIL 2, 1935

*Board of Education Rooms, Chamber of Commerce Building,  
Los Angeles*

### "INSIDE FACTS OF THE EARLY DAYS OF LOS ANGELES"

Personal and family reminiscences of Los Angeles, including many new side-lights on old times and old timers, well and amusingly told by BOYLE WORKMAN, prominent civic personality and author of "The City That Grew."

MAY 7, 1935

*Auditorium of the Southern California Edison Building, Los Angeles*

### "THE GROWTH OF CULTURE IN LOS ANGELES"

A brilliant resume of personal experiences as Los Angeles' pioneer impresario, by L. E. BEHYMER.

JUNE 9, 1935

FIFTH ANNUAL LANDMARKS PILGRIMAGE

*Camino de Los Rancheros*

Arranged by the Landmarks Committee

### PROGRAM AND ITINERARY

Pio Pico Mansion—El Ranchito

*Reception by Whittier Woman's Club and City Officials*

William Workman Homestead—Rancho La Puente

*"The Rancho and Its People"—Thomas Workman Temple II*

Butterfield Stage Station—Rancho Buena Vista

*Mrs. Julia Slaughter Fuqua, Hostess*

"Del Chino"—Lindley Bynum

*Fiesta Memories—A la California Club*

Rancho Santa Ana del Chino—Los Serranos Country Club

## Historical Society of Southern California

SEPTEMBER 17, 1935

### "OLD COUNTY ARCHIVES OF LOS ANGELES"

The September meeting was addressed by the retiring Secretary of the Society, Miss Marion Parks, who introduced the personnel of the S.E.R.A. group which has been at work translating the Spanish Archives of Los Angeles County. Miss Parks discussed this project and read a number of highly interesting documents from the early records.

The members of the translation staff are as follows: Sergio M. Alfaro, Miss Consuelo Andrade, Miss Maria Arroyo, Charles M. Barcelo, Dana Bullock, William Charles, Albert M. Clark, Frank Clerici, Mrs. Petra P. Correa, Mrs. Martha Dickinson, Mrs. Maria Espinosa, James Gasio, Mrs. Dorothy Guerrero, Miss Catherine Harkness, Mrs. Sara Henderson, Daniel Holguin, August Kramer, Harold Kroh, Mrs. Frances A. Long, Mauro Mata, John B. McGuinness, William Musmann, Mrs. Otilia Ogaz, Mrs. Gladys K. Pettus, Louis Ramirez, Ury Homer Roberson, Tomas S. Rodriguez, Ismael Sonoqui, Salvador Terrazas and George Verbeke.

## SARAH BIXBY SMITH

The Society has suffered a distinct loss in the recent death of its Second Vice-President and active Director, Mrs. Sarah Bixby Smith. An author of interesting and historically important memoirs of her early experiences, Mrs. Smith will long be remembered for her friendly suggestions, her ready wit and her cooperation in all phases of the Society's activities. A daughter of the pioneer Bixby family, and a native Californian living in Los Angeles since the early seventies, she was peculiarly fitted to develop the historical values incident to her wide experience, and to preserve them in her written works. This Society and the other organizations in which she was actively interested will find it difficult to fill her place.













Historical Society  
OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



December, 1935. Volume XVII, Number 4

Quarterly Publication

It is the aim of the Editorial Board to make of this *Quarterly* a publication of interest to all members of the Society, as well as a journal of lasting historical and scholarly import. If this end is to be attained the full support and cooperation of the members will be required. Accordingly, suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed, and members and other readers of this publication are invited to submit original articles, old letters, documents, maps and other material pertaining to the history of Southern California and neighboring regions, for consideration by the editors.

Additional copies of this *Quarterly* may be purchased from the Society, the price to members being 75 cents per copy, and to non-members \$1.00 per copy.

December, 1935. Volume XVII, Number 4

Quarterly Publication of the HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Published at Los Angeles, California, each March, June, September and December. Printed by Ward Ritchie.











Governor Micheltoarena

# Historical Society

OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Quarterly Publication

Volume XVII, Number IV

Los Angeles, California

December, 1935



# HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

*Organized November 1, 1883*

*Incorporated February 13, 1891*

## 1935

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Charles G. Adams, *First Vice-President*

Mrs. Ana Begue Packman, *Secretary*

Mrs. Florence D. Schoneman, *Second Vice-President*

Joseph Netz, *Treasurer*

Owen C. Coy, *Curator*

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Quarterly Publication of the  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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EDITORIAL NOTE

WITH THIS ISSUE we conclude the first year of this Society's *Quarterly*. From the comments received from members, we believe that this experiment has proved its worth, although much improvement is possible, and will be attempted. The publication is of necessity a small one, and considering the Society's finances it must so continue. We should like to print an hundred pages in each issue, rather than our present limit of thirty-two, for the available material is as abundant as it is interesting. But we cannot do this unless some practicable means can be found for the financing of such a larger *Quarterly*.

In this issue we leave for a time the Butterfield Stage and turn back the pages to the year 1782 to examine the record of an exploration of this coast by Spanish mariners, brought to us through

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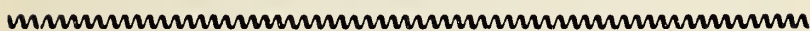
Henry M. Wagner's facile pen. A half century later an American naval officer was off our shores, and we rescue from oblivion Commodore Jones' account of his ceremonious visit to the Mexican Governor in the little village of Los Angeles in 1843. Three decades later Pio and Andres Pico "went to law" against their brother-in-law John Forster over the princely Santa Margarita Rancho, and from the dusty files of this case Terry E. Stephenson, dean of Orange County historians, draws the material for a worth-while picture of early days and men. An innovation is the publication of the celebrated Ord Map of Los Angeles. This reproduction has been made direct from the original map itself, and 100 extra copies, on heavy paper, have been printed in format suitable for framing. These will be sold to members at \$1.00, and to non-members at \$1.50 per copy. J. Gregg Layne's brief account of Ord and his career presents the quaint background of the making of this historic map. We hope to be able to reproduce at least one other early local map in each forthcoming *Quarterly*.

We again enclose a membership application blank and ask each member to exert sufficient effort to obtain at least one new member and if possible a dozen. Such memberships will take effect on January 1, 1936, and will entitle the applicant to the *Quarterly* during that year, as well as to all the usual privileges of membership. Only by effective effort on the part of all members to maintain and to increase the Society's membership can we be enabled to go forward with many important projects. The Board of Directors, therefore, urges and expects your cooperation. A roster of members of the Society will be published in the March issue of this *Quarterly*.

CARL I. WHEAT.

# A Visit to Los Angeles in 1843

Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones' Narrative of his  
Visit to Governor Micheltorena



(Reprinted from the SOUTHERN VINEYARD for May 22, May 29, June 5  
and June 12, 1858.)

## INTRODUCTION

The "capture" of Monterey by the American Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones, on October 19, 1842, and its "restoration" to the local authorities two days later has been the subject of much comment by historians. Bancroft, whose account of the incident comprises Chapter XII in Vol. IV of his *History of California* speaks of the difficult position in which Commodore Jones found himself, as commander of the Pacific Squadron of the United States Navy, when rumors of an outbreak of war with Mexico reached him at Callao, Peru. France and England both had fleets superior to his in the Pacific, and Jones appears to have felt that he must occupy the ports of California before the British naval forces could do so, as was rumored to be their intention. A brave commander, and apparently a man of excellent record, Jones later wrote that he felt the situation to be so critical that he must accept the responsibility of performing what seemed to be his duty, even though dismissal from the navy were to be his reward were his premises mistaken.

A brief but highly entertaining account of Commodore Jones' career and personality, from the pen of U. T. Bradley (who wrote a doctoral dissertation on the Commodore while studying at Cornell University) was published in the *United States Naval Institute Proceedings* for August, 1933 (Vol. 59, pp. 1154-6). Jones, who served in the navy for more than half a century (from 1805 until 1858), saw his first active service near New Orleans, where he assisted in chasing the pirate Jean Lafitte from his bayou stronghold. In the

## Historical Society of Southern California

campaign of 1814 Jones was captured by the British, after having been wounded by a ball which he carried in his shoulder for the remainder of his life. He later served on the *Constellation* in the Mediterranean, and on the *Peacock* in the Pacific. In 1836 he was raised to the rank of Commodore and commanded the *Macedonian* during the Wilkes' South Seas expedition. Four years later he was placed in command of the Pacific squadron, his flagship being the *United States*. After the Monterey fiasco, the Commodore was recalled to Washington to still Mexican complaint, but Secretary of the Navy Mason privately commended him for his actions. In 1847 he was again given command of the Pacific squadron, but the old man had by this time become a bit of a martinet, and during the gold rush he made many enemies by his efforts to meet the unusual situation. Mr. Bradley concludes:

*"Thomas ap Catesby Jones was not a character of outstanding importance in our naval history. He was rather an outstanding example of the type of officer produced by the navy of his day. In his faults and in his virtues he was entirely positive, a strong character who stood out in a service full of strong characters. He was for years the subject of many stories, both true and fictitious. While he lived he called forth positive reactions in others. He could be hated; he could be loved or admired, but he could not be regarded with indifference."*

In the same issue of the *United States Naval Institute Proceedings*, Lieut. K. S. Reed, U.S. Navy, relates that in 1848, when lying at the port of Monterey, Commodore Jones published an order on the duties of persons serving under military law, in which he commented upon his own actions of 1842 as follows:

*"A circumstance occurred on this station within a few years past, some of the actors in which are now present. The commander of the U.S. Squadron on this station, for reasons satisfactory to himself at least, directed a hostile descent upon a town and portion of a neighboring state in peace and amity with the United States. A large force was landed, the town and fort capitulated and the American flag took the place of the Mexican which the commodore had caused to be struck. For this act unauthorized by the*



## A Visit to Los Angeles in 1843

*government and of course unlawful, the commander who gave the order was called to account but no questions were ever asked of the inferiors who executed the order Why did ye this? or Why did ye not that?*

*"Neither in the case of burning public property referred to were the subordinate officers who applied the torch ever held accountable, or in any degree deemed culpable, the superior officer in each case alone was called to account for the unlawfulness of the order, given by him and was justified by the high motives, or public considerations which actuated him, predicated upon facts or circumstances which he was not at liberty to divulge, much less bound to communicate to anyone under him."*

It was on October 18, 1842, that the American war vessels *United States* and *Cyane* appeared off Monterey, and on the 19th Captain James Armstrong went ashore and demanded the surrender of the town. The newly-appointed Governor of the Two Californias, General Manuel Micheltorena, had only recently landed at San Diego, and, as related in the following narrative, was slowly marching up the coast at the head of a nondescript force of *cholos*, mostly ex-convicts.

Commodore Jones issued a lengthy "proclamation," and received the formal surrender of the District of Monterey from Juan B. Alvarado, then in command at that point, but two days later he obtained access to papers and dispatches of later date than those which he had seen at Callao, and he soon perceived that his suspicions of the existence of a state of war had been erroneous. Accordingly, he hastily sent for Alvarado, who had retired to his Alisal ranch, and with all ceremony struck his flag and retired with his men to the vessels, firing a salute in honor of the Mexican flag. A messenger was dispatched to apprise Micheltorena of the altered situation.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Numerous documents relating to this affair are to be found in the "Message from the President of the U.S., in reply to the resolution of the House of Representatives, of Feb. 2d, calling for information in relation to the taking possession of Monterey by Com. Thomas ap C. Jones, Feb. 22, 1843" (27th Cong., 3d Session., House Ex. Doc. 166).

The portrait of Governor Micheltorena which is here reproduced was presented to the State of California many years ago, and now hangs in the California Room of the State Library, at Sacramento. A lithographic portrait of

## Historical Society of Southern California

That worthy had met the news of the investiture of his capital with retreat from a point near the Camulos Rancho, where the first messenger found him encamped with his Falstaffian forces, to San Fernando, whence he issued a number of "proclamations," couched in the characteristically bombastic language of the Spanish-American *politico*.

He would not leave without protecting the valiant inhabitants of Los Angeles, cried he, though he verily wished himself "a thunderbolt to fly and annihilate the invaders." Even with his small force he "should not hesitate to attack" were he not 100 leagues distant from Monterey. But "Triumph is certain," and "are there Mexican bosoms which do not feel themselves boil with valor at seeing this effort to rob us of our territory?" He congratulated himself and all Mexicans that this invasion afforded "an opportunity to demonstrate the national valor" in a war "so holy, so just, and so national." In particular, as related in the following account, he required all *rancheros* to drive their cattle and horses inland, so as to starve the enemy.

He had barely arrived at San Fernando at the head of his retreating *cholos* when the second messenger arrived, telling of Commodore Jones' restoration of the captured territory. Then indeed did his blood boil and his vocabulary expand.

"I was marching," he wrote the Commodore, "in consequence of the assault committed by you on Monterey, to fight you, and at all hazards to drive you from Mexican territory without using any other idiom than those of lead and cannon," when the second messenger arrived. Moreover, since "the multitude of persons now surrounding me will not be content with such satisfaction as you can give me in a single official dispatch," Commodore Jones must come in person to Los Angeles to render public satisfaction to the General.

Jones did not at once acquiesce, and meanwhile Micheltorena sent

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Micheltorena, as of a slightly later date, is included in Albert C. Ramsey's translation of Ramon Alcaraz' "The Other Side: or Notes for the History of the War between Mexico and the United States" (N.Y., 1850, opp. p. 114). We have as yet been unable to secure a suitable portrait of Commodore Jones. Two purported likenesses of this officer were published in the "United States Naval Institute Proceedings" for August, 1933, but they are not, in our opinion of sufficient quality to be reproduced here. The editors would be grateful for any information respecting a portrait of the Commodore suitable for publication in this *Quarterly*.

## A Visit to Los Angeles in 1843

to Mexico the terms of the "treaty" which he intended to require the Commodore to sign. This is the *convention* mentioned in the following narrative. Indemnification for outrage to the flag and settlement of claims of individuals for damages were to be demanded. The terms of surrender signed by Alvarado were to be declared officially void. A salute to the Mexican flag was to be fired by the American vessels in San Pedro harbor. In addition, the Commodore was to deliver 1500 infantry uniforms to replace those ruined by the General's forces in their hasty march through the rain to San Fernando, while \$15,000 was to be paid to reimburse Micheltorena for extraordinary expenses incurred in preparing for the defense of the territory. Finally, a complete set of musical instruments was to be delivered to replace those lost by the General's band on the retreat from Camulos. These were the demands of which Jones speaks with such feeling in his account.

For, as is related below, the Commodore did visit Los Angeles, where he exchanged courtesies with the General. Although most of this interesting narrative is couched in the third person, and although Bancroft states that this account is by some unknown hand (*History California*, Vol. IV, p. 321, note 43), it is believed that most of it is from the pen of Commodore Jones himself. In several places the first person is used in speaking of actions of the Commodore, and J. J. Warner referred to the document, when he published it in his *Southern Vineyard* in 1858, as the "Unpublished Narrative of Commodore Thomas ap C. Jones, U.S. Navy." It is here reprinted in full from the issues of that newspaper for May 22, May 29, June 5, and June 12 of that year, and appreciation is due for the courtesy of the Huntington Library in authorizing this reprint from that institution's unique file of Warner's journal.

Not only is Commodore Jones' narrative a valuable historical document, rounding out the tale of this *opera bouffe* on these then distant shores of the Pacific, but it is of considerable importance because of the picture it gives of Los Angeles and its surroundings in 1843.

The tale of the wild ride in the General's carriage from San Pedro to the "Pueblo," the ceremonious reception accorded the Commo-

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dore at the little town, the grand ball in honor of the American officers, and the affair of the proposed treaty, all lend interest and color to this account, which the Historical Society of Southern California is now privileged to rescue from the obscurity in which it has lain for so many years.

CARL I. WHEAT.

### COMMODORE JONES' NARRATIVE

On the 17th day of January, 1843, we reached the anchorage or roadstead of San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, then the Head Quarters of General Micheltorena, Governor General of the two Californias.

About 7 P. M., our attention was attracted by the hoisting of a light on shore, and the discharge of small arms at short intervals. As the U. S. Ship Cyane was the only vessel in the roads, a boat was sent to ascertain the object of the signal, which returned in due season, bringing an Aide-de-Camp from Head Quarters, bearing the following letter from the Governor General, viz:

HEAD QUARTERS, AT THE ANGELES,  
January 17, 1843.

To the Honorable, Commodore,

THOS. AP C. JONES,

SIR: The deficiencies and small population of the port of San Pedro, deprive me of the agreeable pleasure of receiving you and your distinguished officers as they ought to be, and as I should desire.

If you should desire to come to this place with those of your officers whom you may wish to bring with you, you will have a friendly reception, and if not as splendid as it should be, at least, more worthy of the Honorable Chief, the representative here of a friendly nation, and of him, who has the distinguished honor of offering it.

If you are pleased to honor my head quarters with your presence, I will send my carriage which has six seats, that you may come with more convenience, accompanied also by a small escort which is at your disposal.

In the event that your duties and ill health should not permit you



## A Visit to Los Angeles in 1843

to accede to this proposition, I beg of you to have the kindness to reply to this immediately, for which there is an aide-de-camp in waiting on the beach, so that I may go to-morrow, with my staff, aides and a few citizens who ask the favor of being present at the interview.

By either of these means, I will have the honored distinction of renewing to you verbally the sincere assurance, with which I avail myself of the honor of being, Your very obedient Servant, who  
B. S. M. (i. e. "kisses your hands.")

(Signed) MANUEL MICHELTORENA.

The Commodore made the following reply:

Commodore Jones has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of His Excellency, General Micheltorena's very kind note of this date, by the hands of Lieutenant Somoza of the Mexican Army.

Commodore Jones being desirous of meeting General Micheltorena, and being agreeably disappointed in the landing, means of approach, and time necessary to reach the Pueblo, accepts with pleasure the offer of General Micheltorena's carriage, &c., &c.

Commodore Jones and six or eight of his officers, will be ready to land at any hour after nine o'clock, to-morrow morning.

U. S. Sloop, Cyane, Bay of San Pedro,

9 P.M., Jan. 17, 1842.

At 9 P. M., the Aide with the commodore's note was landed, and three hours more, he was in the presence of his Chief at the Pueblo. At 10 A.M. on the 18th, the commodore, accompanied by Commander C. K. Stribling, of the Cyane, her Surgeon, Dr. Clymer, Purser, Gibson, H. K. Reintrie, Commodore's Secretary, Midshipmen Toler, Latimer and Armstrong, left the ship for the purpose of a visit to Head Quarters.

On reaching the shore we were informed that the General had dispatched extra cooks with supplies to prepare dinner at the port for our party, lest the *Cavalcade* should not arrive in time to conduct us to the village before night. This generous precaution of the General's was well timed, for it was near two P.M. when the van courier arrived with the welcome intelligence of the near approach of the means of conveyance to the village, thirty miles inland; a



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few minutes brought the entire *retinue* to a halt before the doors of the only house at the Port. This is a large quadrangular building with transverse wings, the latter are used as store-houses, whilst the centre is comfortably furnished as a house of accommodation for strangers, drawn thither by commerce. A comfortable hotel in California is a rare thing. This house is owned by Mr. Stearns, an American gentleman, of whom we shall hereafter have occasion to speak.

It consisted of the General's barouche, drawn by three horses abreast, in which was seated his chief-aide-de-camp, Major Medina, in a full staff costume, displaying on his left breast three badges of honor, won on as many battle fields; sundry saddle horses, some of them richly and gaudily caparisoned, a *retinue* of out-riders and a military escort of five and twenty lancers, under a portly and happy looking Captain from the "Santa Barbara Guards," of which the escort was a detachment.

Alighting from the carriage, the aide-de-camp immediately presented himself to the Commodore, saying, that in obedience to the commands of his chief, General Micheltorena, he had the honor to report himself to Commodore Jones, and to await his commands.

By this time dinner was announced, and it was necessary to breathe the cavalry a little, (for there is neither food or water at the port for quadrupeds during the dry season,) we, the bipeds, had ample time to do justice to the sumptuous repast so thoughtfully provided by the general; nor was champagne the least abundant of the viands set before us. Before 4 o'clock, we found ourselves on the road toward the "City of Angels," the Commodore, Captain Stribling, the aide-de-camp, Dr. Clymer, and the Commodore's Secretary, comfortably seated in the barouche; the rest of the party including the Commodore's servant was mounted on horseback. As already said, the carriage (a new-oak-ark-barouche) was drawn by three horses abreast, but attached to it in a manner peculiar to Spanish descendants in the Americas. Harness is entirely dispensed with, save the poles and straps, which are lashed to the logger-head of the saddle of the centre horse, and a single trace or tug-rope leading from the pommels of the saddles of the outside horses to the fore axle-tree of

## A Visit to Los Angeles in 1843

the carriage. The horses are not *coupled*, nor in any manner attached to each other, consequently each one is governed by its own rider. In this manner the horses are urged on at the top of their power on level ground and on rising hill; when descending a hill the two outside horses suddenly fall to the rear of the carriages veering out enough of the tug-rope to clear the hind wheeler, when all the power of these two horses is exerted in *holding back* to keep the carriage from running over the one at the pole end, which it is clear, from what has been said, cannot hold back or do more, than keep out of the way of the pursuing vehicle. On this occasion our postillions were taken from the military escort, so that the novelty of the equipage was not a little heightened by the gay dress, the painted lance with its tri-colored flag flitting in the wind, and the carbine dangling on the thigh of the rider or striking in the flank of the steed as he dashed over the plain. The rate of travelling on level ground was ten or twelve miles per hour, so that a change of horses was frequently necessary, but it was effected without a moments loss of time. The order given—a lancer from the rear would dash up to the horse he was to relieve—receive the tug-rope from the previous occupants, who wheel out of the track and fall in the rear, when all would be right again without the speed of the carriage being the least interrupted. Now fairly on the road our party consisted of about forty all told, and a more grotesque troop has seldom been seen anywhere, and never in the United States. Imagine the society of Odd Fellows mounted on odd looking horses, oddly caparisoned and no less oddly appointed, and you may form a faint idea of our triumphant entry in the "City of the Angels." The route lay over what appeared to be, and what is called a plain of ten leagues extent, and although there are no hills and mountains to render this cognomen improper, still the traveller will find his course often interrupted by deep ravines, cut by the mountain torrents, winding their way to mingle with the briny main. They are scarcely perceptible until you are on their very brink; their bank, except where cut or worn down by travel, in width they vary from 50 to 150 yards. (Although we were now in the middle of the rainy season, (January) little or no rain had yet fallen, consequently

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everything was arid and parched as far as the eye could extend; nor was there a single tree or shrub of any kind to be seen on this extensive table land, except here and there, a specimen of some of the dwarf varieties of the cactus, a plant found everywhere in California and Mexico in great variety, and often in great beauty.) These ravines, often forty feet deep, from their present appearances having long since ceased to serve as conduits for surplus waters from the mountains, afford conclusive evidence of the vast diminution of snow and rain in this portion of the North American Continent, and go to strengthen the opinion expressed by the celebrated traveller Humboldt, that portions of North America for want of water are destined to become a desert waste, unfit for man's habitation; but be that as it may, it is certain that the cause which produced these deep and wide channels, all running circuitous courses from the mountain's base to the sea coast, no longer exists, for to our repeated inquiries upon this point, we were invariably told that not even during the wettest season within the recollection of the present inhabitants, have anything like rivulets or brooks passed through them. But notwithstanding the almost total absence of living vegetation on this plain, we had ample proof of the amazing fertility of its soil in the growth of the Black Mustard, then in a dry state. This plant, which when cultivated in the best gardens in Virginia, seldom attains three feet, on the plains of San Pedro reaches to eight or nine! Verily, not only do the birds of the air take shelter under the branches, but the cattle of a thousand hills get fat on it, and the inhabitants of the country make use of the dry stalks as substitutes for palings to enclose their yards, and many of the houses of the town of the Angels are thatched with it. Two leagues from the Port is the first and only Rancho or habitation for man, between the Port of San Pedro and the village of Angels. This is situated at the head of an arm of the sea, where several of the ravines before described, disembogue themselves and where sweet waters from living springs commingle with the salt of the sea. Here then are two indispensables for the health and maintenance of cattle, (the staple of California) found at one and the same spot. It is to this oasis, that vast herds of horned cattle, and of horses, resort for water and salt, and on this

Chart of the Southern California Coast

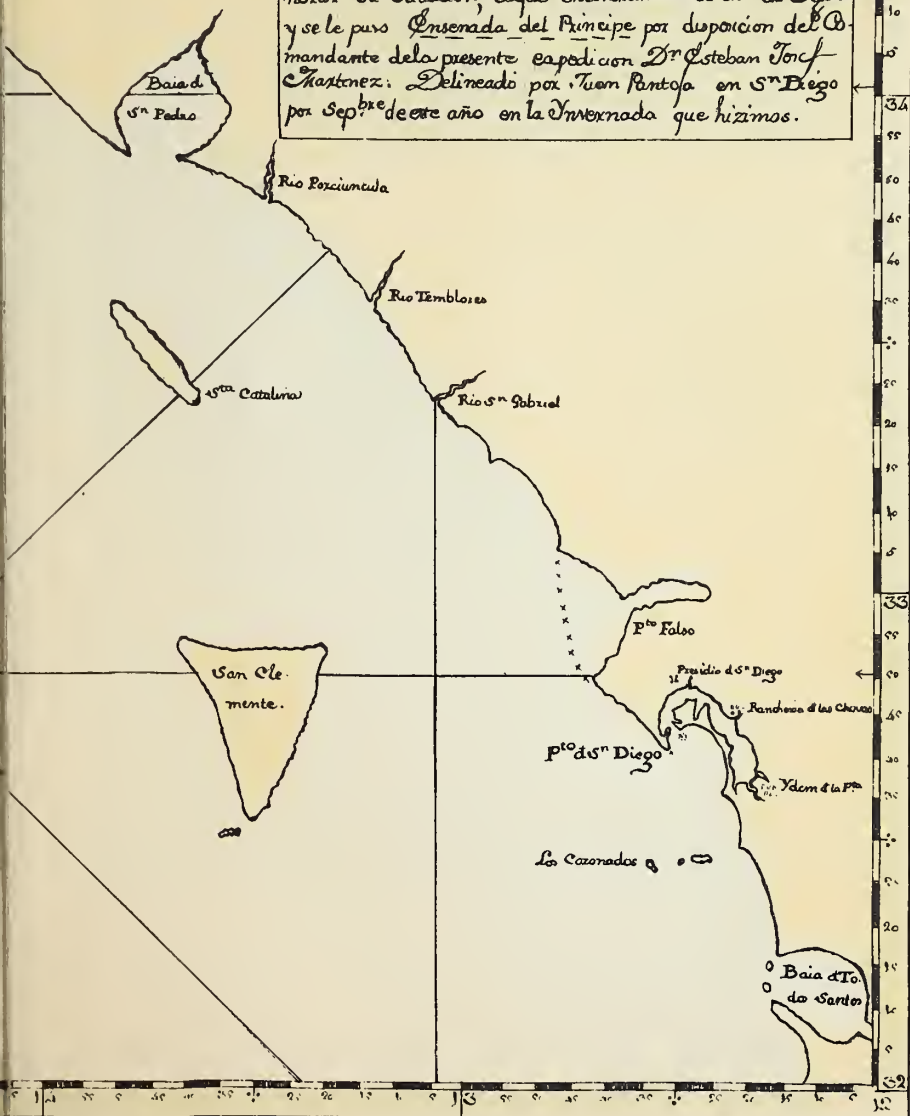
drawn by Pantoja

1782





Pequeña Carta que contiene desde la Pta de Sta Marta hasta la del Sur de la Baia de Todos Santos en la Costa Septentrional de la California Conseguida y Emendada (desde donde principiá hasta la Pta de Nra Sra de los Angeles, y despues el Pto de S<sup>n</sup> Diego) por los Sep.<sup>tos</sup> Filotes de las Frag.<sup>tas</sup> de Su Mage.<sup>d</sup> Princeses; y Fabrica Juan Pantoja y Ariaga, y D<sup>n</sup> Fr<sup>co</sup> Torax en la Expedicion que emprendimos por Oxnco de este presente año de 82 del Separtamento de S<sup>n</sup> Blas, para el Socorro de los Presidios, y Chusiciones de S<sup>n</sup> Fran.<sup>co</sup> Monterrey, Canal de Sta Barbara, y S<sup>n</sup> Diego, y destinado y qual mente abuscar fondeadero por vimo a Sta Barbara fundado por Abril de este año, por ignorar su Situacion, el que encontramos el do de Agosto y se le puso Ensenada del Principe por disposicion del Comandante dela presente expedicion D<sup>n</sup> Esteban Torf. Martinez: Delineado por Juan Pantoja en S<sup>n</sup> Diego por Sep.<sup>bre</sup> de este año en la Invernada que hizimos.





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account, pounds have been provided in which to collect the herds at stated periods, whether for branding and marking, or for slaughter to obtain the hides and tallow, the flesh being of little value, there being little demand for it as food for man. The whole of our journey was enlivened by innumerable flocks and varieties of birds which covered the plain in every direction as far as the eye could extend; the large Spanish curlew with several varieties of plover and the sweet little skylark, which abounds on the shores of our Potomac! my own native land! were among the birds of the field, whilst the wild goose and white brant (the latter covering acres and acres of ground) were so tame that they might have been shot from the carriage window, had we been provided with the fowling piece. Our journey was uninterrupted by accident though not without incident. A short distance beyond the Rancho or settlement before mentioned, our attention was attracted to a native horseman crossing the plain at full speed and directing his course to a number of unfettered horses browsing on the dry mustard. As the horseman approached *the pack*, brandishing his lasso over his head, and with a certain peculiar sound, to which the horses of the country are never deaf, they suddenly formed into compact order, or solid square, and at the word moved off at a rapid gait, taking a direction so as to intersect the main road at a point we were then approaching. We were informed that this pack of horses were unclaimed property, subject to the use of any travellers needing the service, and that the drove would attend us for the purpose of furnishing relays, as those of our cavalcade should tire under the severe duty of the double trip of thirty miles each way, without food and without water more than once. This new acquisition to our retinue formed what I suppose I must call the reserve corps, and fell in the rear; not however until a sufficient number had relieved such of those on duty as had become too much wearied to continue the quick and rapid speed at which we were travelling. The last half of our journey was performed after night fall, consequently some caution in picking our way, to guard against accident was rendered the more necessary from our charioteers not being the most experienced of their calling. Sometime before we reached the village, Midshipman Armstrong

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who on this occasion acted as one of the Commodore's Aides, was missed from among the out-riders. A halt was called and diligent search was made for him, when it was ascertained that his steed had given out and that he had dropped to the rear. A Corporal's guard of lancers was immediately dispatched to attend on Mr. A. and the *grand* cavalcade moved on towards the abode of Angels, whose lights were now visible. In an hour more we entered the suburb of the town, where a halt was called until the heralds could advance to announce our near approach. After a few minutes delay we were again in rapid motion, so that in ten minutes we reined up before a spacious mansion in the heart of the far-famed "Pueblo de los Angeles." The mansion before which we stopped, proved to be that of Mr. Abel Stearns, a native of Philadelphia, but not a naturalized citizen of Mexico. About fifteen years ago, Mr. Stearns entered Mexico, and for some years resided in its Capital. He has subsequently visited all the principal mining and commercial districts of Mexico proper and the two Californias, and finally pitched upon the "Pueblo de los Angeles," as the place of his permanent abode and where he has since married into one of the best and most influential families in California, and is now enjoying the reward of his industry and frugality in the comfort of an ample fortune, and the society of a lady who for beauty, amiability and accomplishments would not lose by comparison with our own fair countrywomen.

*(To be continued)*

# An Exploration of the Coast of Southern California in 1782

By HENRY R. WAGNER



Very few journals are extant of the voyages of the supply ships to California in the period from 1780 to 1790, but we have a record of an examination of the Santa Barbara coast in the year 1782. The commander, Estéban José Martínez, carried instructions to search for the new establishment of Santa Barbara, established April 21, the situation of which was unknown as it had only recently been founded. He commanded the *Princesa* and the other vessel, the *Favorita*, was commanded by Juan Agustín de Echeverría with José de Tobar as pilot. Two journals of this expedition are extant, one written by Martínez himself, and the other by Juan Pantoja y Arriaga, his pilot.

The vessels left San Blas March 6 and sighted Pt. Reyes May 13. They then entered San Francisco Bay where they remained some time, employed chiefly in delivering the supplies for the mission and *presidio*. On June 19 the commander issued an order for the *Favorita* to proceed to Monterey. The *Favorita* anchored outside between the Southeast Farallon and the mainland, but on account of some damage suffered from stormy WSW winds returned to port on the 23d, having left her anchors marked by buoys. June 28 both vessels made sail, but they did not reach Monterey until July 6. After unloading the supplies they left Monterey July 24 and on the 29th were off the Punta de Pedernales, which Pantoja states was black and cut off at the sea, rather high, and with some streaks which looked like organ pipes. There was no hill in the immediate vicinity but there were some rocks off it, some under water and others above. The point was distant from Pt. Concepción twelve and a half miles. (This was the point now known as Point Argüello.)

On the same day they passed Punta de la Concepción and at 5:15 in the afternoon the *Princesa* anchored in nine fathoms and some canoes



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with Indians came alongside. The next morning boats went ashore to get water in the center of the cove where there was a stream of good water, while there was another close to some Indian settlements. An observation of the sun at twelve o'clock showed the vessels to be in  $34^{\circ} 30'$  according to Martínez. Pantoja calculated Pt. Concepcion to be in  $34^{\circ} 34'$  and  $15^{\circ} 32\frac{1}{2}'$  W. of San Blas. The cove was named Ensenada de Purissima Concepcion (now Cojo Anchorage). Just north of the Rio de Bernaldo (that is the Santa Inez), Pantoja has put on his map a Punta de Santa Marta (Pt. Purissima), obviously named after her on her day July 29 when they passed it.

On July 31 in the morning the vessels set sail with a sea breeze and by midday had made nine and one-half miles. Numerous Indians were noticed along the coast and out in canoes fishing. August 1 they came in to the small bay off the present city of Santa Barbara and on the 2d anchored near a flag staff on the beach. So far, Pantoja says, they had not seen the islands. The outer point of the bay Martínez named San Ignacio and the inner one Martínez, while the bay was called Principe Don Carlos. To the east of this Pantoja says no point could be seen, only hills which approached the sea making off from the mountain. Nevertheless on Pantoja's map a Punta de Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles is shown a few miles to the east, probably the present Sand Point. All along to the west were some settlements which had water nearby in small *arroyos* which did not reach the sea. Seven leagues east of Pt. Concepcion on the top of a cliff was a very large settlement. Pantoja speaks about passing the Islas de Mescaltitan at a distance of a league and seeing a great opening from the sea which seemed to have a large bay in the center. Around it were many trees, forming the largest forest that had been seen along the coast, and various settlements containing numerous Indians. Pantoja describes the country around the *presidio* and states that from this point when the horizon was clear the last of the three islands which form the Canal of Santa Barbara could be seen, which he believed to be Santa Cruz, because, he said, there was much difference in the maps, some calling the westernmost island "Santa Cruz" and others the easternmost.

On the 13th of August the Laguna and Islas de Mescaltitan were

## An Exploration of Southern California

examined and a plan was made by Pantoja. This must have been then a good-sized lagoon with two small islands in it and numerous Indians in five settlements on the banks of it. The island to the north was the largest. On the 16th sail was made, the cargo having been discharged and water and ballast taken on. On the following morning the small Anacapa Islands were seen and the smaller one to the east which Martínez refers to as Santo Tomás was located by him in  $33^{\circ} 49'$  and  $14^{\circ} 25'$  west of San Blas. At noon of the 18th Martínez located Santa Barbara Island in  $33^{\circ} 45'$  and  $14^{\circ} 08'$  West of San Blas. At noon of the 19th he located Santa Catalina in  $33^{\circ} 25'$  and  $13^{\circ} 32'$  west of San Blas. On the 20th he speaks of seeing the Loma del Violin.

On the 21st both vessels anchored in San Diego. Here some of the crew were indulged in the pleasure of working on the church at the mission, which was finished—almost. On the 10th of September Pantoja set out with the long boat to examine the Bahía de Todos Santos but was prevented from doing so by the heavy kelp beds. On his return he surveyed the Puerto de San Diego and made a plan of it. October 6 anchors were raised and the vessels departed the next day for San Blas but the *Princesa* anchored outside and awaited the *Favorita* which did not get clear of the port until the 8th.

Attached to the Pantoja journal are a small map of the coast from Punta de Santa Marta to the Ensenada del Principe, a chart of the Ensenada del Principe, another of the Ensenada de la Purissima Concepcion, one of the Laguna de Mescaltitan, and one of the Bahía de San Diego. There is now no map attached to the Martínez journal, but in the Library of Congress there is one map and two small charts on a single sheet. One of the charts is of the Ensenada de la Purissima Concepcion and the other of the Laguna Mescaltitan to the Ensenada del Principe. These are almost identical with the corresponding charts attached to the Pantoja journal, and the handwriting is very similar in both cases. The other map on the sheet, which is of great interest, is entitled *Pequeña Carta que contiene desde la pa de sta Marta hasta la del Sur de la Baia de Todos Santos*. It not only shows the coast but shows all the islands except San Nicolas. There is a peculiar error in it in the interchange of the Rio Temblores and the Rio San Gabriel. This is the map here reproduced.

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Martínez and Pantoja gave names to several points along the coast between Pt. Concepcion and Santa Barbara, although Martínez in his journal states distinctly that most of them are not points at all, but only seem so at a distance. In reality they were spurs of the mountain which ended close to shore, but, he is careful to say, before reaching it. The new names which he gave have all disappeared, only the old ones are now retained, and not even all of those. For example, San Miguel Island appears on the map as the Isla de San Bernaldo, Santa Rosa as San Miguel, and the Anacapa Islands as Santa Tomás. The only ones which retain their names are Pt. Concepcion, Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, Santa Catalina, San Clemente, San Diego, and the Coronados. The names of several Indian settlements are found on various of the maps, namely Yoctu near the *presidio*, Soto about where Summerland is now situated, and the Rancheria de las Choyas on San Diego Bay. The remains of Soto were discovered some years ago.

# Edward Otho Cresap Ord

Soldier and Surveyor

By J. GREGG LAYNE

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To those familiar with the city's history, the name Ord is almost synonymous with Los Angeles. Most students of California history are cognizant of the Ord Survey of the little Pueblo in 1849, but few of these have any knowledge of the man Ord, other than the fact that he was an army officer who made the first survey and the first map of the city of Los Angeles.

For ten years before the American occupation of California, the *Ayuntamiento* of the Ciudad de Los Angeles had talked of properly laying out the streets of the town—but in true mañana fashion nothing had been done toward the project. So when, in 1849, the American Governor Bennett Riley sent a request to the *Ayuntamiento* for a city map and information as to titles and methods of granting city lots, he was informed by the *Alcalde* that there was no city map in existence and never had been one, and furthermore, there was no surveyor in the town to make one.

We find, therefore, in the old Los Angeles Archives, under the date of June 9, 1849, the following resolution by the "Honorable Town Council" in regard to a survey:

*"Resolved: That this honorable body desiring to have this done, requests the Territorial Government to send down a surveyor to do this work, for which he will receive pay out of the municipal funds, and should they not suffice by reason of other demands having to be met, then he can be paid with unappropriated lands, should the government give its consent."*

In response to this request, Governor Riley sent to Los Angeles Lieutenant E. O. C. Ord, of Company F, the Third Artillery, who had come to California with his fellow lieutenant, William Tecumseh Sherman, on the U.S. Ship *Lexington*, landing at Monterey in January, 1847. Lieutenant Ord, a graduate of West Point, had just finished

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a survey of Sacramento at this time, and was therefore well fitted for the work.

Upon his arrival in Los Angeles, after a conference with the Council, we find the following entry in the old archives:

*"Your committee charged by your Honorable body with the duty of conferring with Lieutenant Ord, the surveyor who is to get out a map of this city, has had a conference with that gentleman and he offers to make a map of the city, demarking thereon in a clear and exact manner, the boundary lines and points of the municipal lands, for which work he demands a compensation of fifteen hundred dollars in coin, ten lots selected from among those demarked in the map and vacant lands to the extent of one thousand varas, in sections of two hundred varas each, and wheresoever he may choose to select the same, or in case this proposition is refused, then he wants to be paid the sum of three thousand dollars in cash. Your committee finds the first proposition very disadvantageous to the city, because conceding to the surveyor the right to select not only the said ten lots, but also the thousand varas of vacant land, the city would deprive itself of the most desirable lands and lots which some future day may bring more than three thousand dollars. The City funds cannot now defray this expense, but should your Honorable body deem it indispensable a loan of that amount may be negotiated, pledging the credit of the City Council and paying an interest of one per cent a month; this loan could be repaid with the proceeds of the sale of the first lots disposed of."*

Lieutenant Ord refused to accept anything but cash, feeling that Los Angeles real estate could never amount to much, and the Council immediately negotiated the loan and a sale of lots was ordered to repay the amount borrowed. And the archives tell us that on the 19th day of September, 1849, Don Juan Temple, the syndic of the "Honorable Body," submitted to its members the finished "City Map," as well as a receipt showing he had paid the surveyor three thousand dollars, the amount having been a loan made by him to the city, to enable it to pay its bill.

Ord called his map the "Plan de la ciudad de Los Angeles," and we are fortunate in being able to reproduce it in this number of the



## Edward Otho Cresap Ord

*Quarterly* of the Historical Society of Southern California directly from what is apparently the original map, now the property of the City of Los Angeles. Another early copy containing slightly more outlying property information (possibly added at a later date) is in the possession of the Title Insurance and Trust Company, of Los Angeles. This fitting reproduction of this important work of Lieutenant Ord, who in 1849 was but thirty years of age, merits a sketch of his life, which was a brilliant one, and of his intensely interesting background.

Edward Otho Cresap Ord was born October 18, 1818, in Cumberland, Maryland, third son of James Ord, a former officer in the United States Navy, and later a lieutenant in the army during the War of 1812. His mother was a daughter of Colonel Daniel Cresap, who served under Washington. Through his father royal blood flowed in his veins, for the father, James Ord, was the son of George IV of England by a morganatic marriage with the beautiful Mrs. Fitzherbert, while George was Prince of Wales.

In 1819 the Ords moved to Washington, D.C., where Edward received his early education, which was chiefly from his father, who was a profound scholar. At sixteen he entered the United States Military Academy, and was graduated in 1839, the seventeenth in his class. On July 1st, the same year, he was appointed Second Lieutenant, and assigned to the Third Artillery. His first service was in the Florida Everglades against the Seminole Indians, where for gallant service he was appointed First Lieutenant.

In 1847 he was sent with his regiment to California, and was there associated with both Sherman and Halleck. In the same company was his brother, Dr. James Ord, not a military man, but attached to the Third Artillery as Surgeon, under contract. Dr. Ord remained in California permanently and married the daughter of Don José Antonio de la Guerra of Santa Barbara, the widow of Manuel Jimeno, one of the most prominent of the Spanish Californians.

After completing his survey of Los Angeles, Lieutenant Ord saw considerable military service in California, and on September 7, 1850, received his captaincy. He was married at San Francisco on October 14, 1854, to Mary Mercer Thompson, and from this union there were

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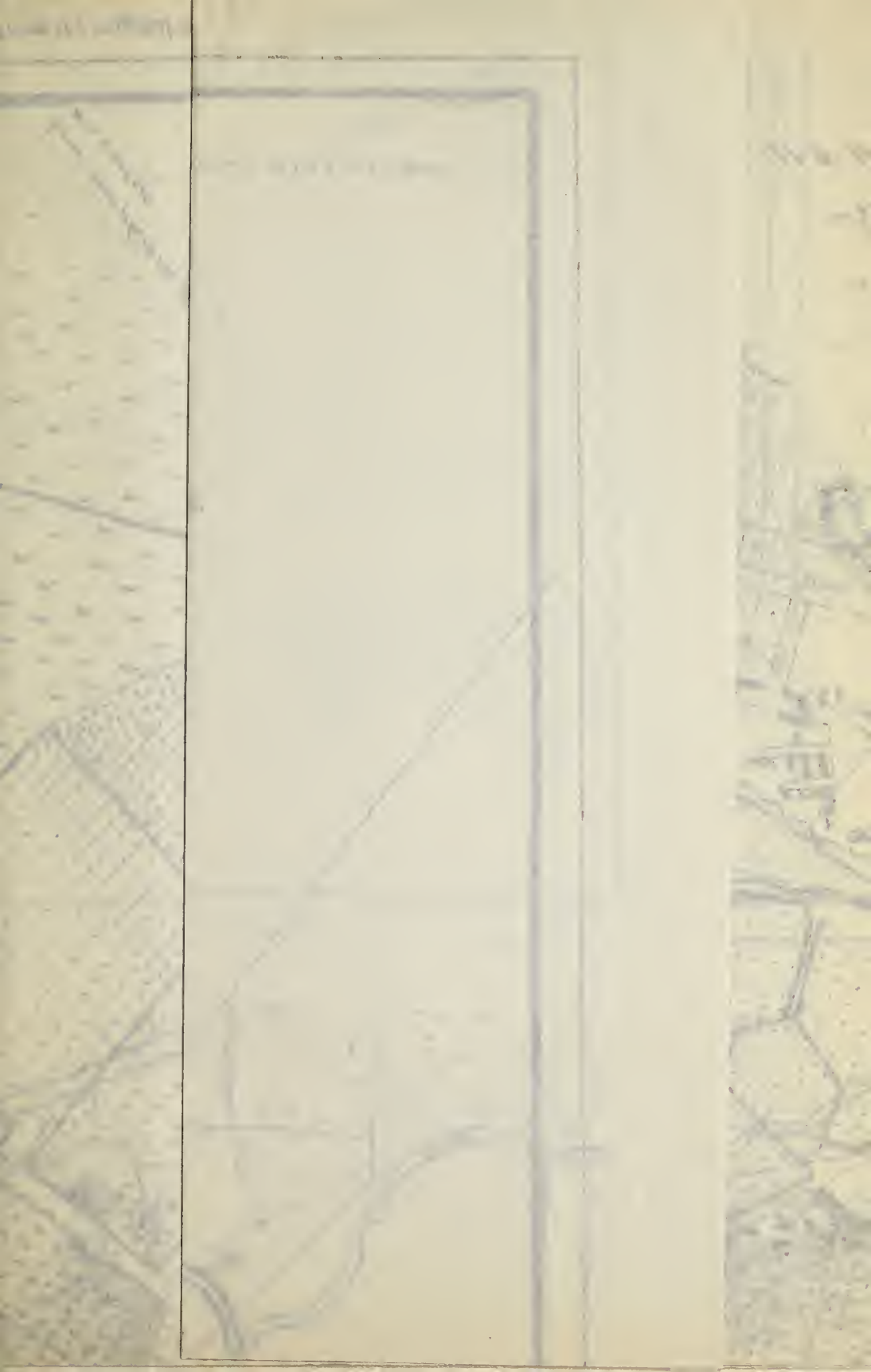
two sons and a daughter. During 1856, and again in 1858, he campaigned against the Indians in Oregon, between which tours of duty he was in charge of old Fort Miller in the San Joaquin Valley, near the present town of Fresno, where he had associated with him as surgeon Dr. Wm. F. Edgar, one of the founders, and a past president of the Historical Society of Southern California.

In 1859 we find Captain Ord in the expedition that suppressed the John Brown Raid on Harper's Ferry. Back again in California, he was stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco, and there, at the outbreak of the Civil War, was appointed Brigadier General. Ordered east, his rise was rapid. He saw much service in the thick of the fray, and served through the war, reaching the rank of Major General. He was a member of General Grant's staff at Vicksburg. Never was anything but praise given him for his fearless action at all times.

General Ord was retired December 6, 1880, and died of yellow fever at Havana on July 22, 1883. His remains were taken to the National Cemetery at Arlington and were there interred with full military honors. But although Edward Otho Cresap Ord's military career was a brilliant one, no act of his will place his name in the minds of men for all time more forcibly than his survey of the "Ciudad de Los Angeles" in 1849.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>The notation "City Clerk," etc., in the lower right-hand corner of the map refers to the recording of the document in the official records of Los Angeles County. It appears that a recordation fee of \$148.70 was charged for this service.



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two sons and a daughter. During 1856, and again in 1858, he campaigned against the Indians in Oregon, between which tours of duty he was in charge of old Fort Miller in the San Joaquin Valley, near the present town of Fresno, where he had associated with him as surgeon Dr. Wm. F. Edgar, one of the founders, and a past president of the Historical Society of Southern California.

In 1859 we find Captain Ord in the expedition that suppressed the John Brown Raid on Harper's Ferry. Back again in California, he was stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco, and there, at the outbreak of the Civil War, was appointed Brigadier General. Ordered east, his rise was rapid. He saw much service in the thick of the fray, and served through the war, reaching the rank of Major General. He was a member of General Grant's staff at Vicksburg. Never was anything but praise given him for his fearless action at all times.

General Ord was retired December 6, 1880, and died of yellow fever at Havana on July 22, 1883. His remains were taken to the National Cemetery at Arlington and were there interred with full military honors. But although Edward Otho Cresap Ord's military career was a brilliant one, no act of his will place his name in the minds of men for all time more forcibly than his survey of the "Ciudad de Los Angeles" in 1849.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>The notation "City Clerk," etc., in the lower right-hand corner of the map refers to the recording of the document in the official records of Los Angeles County. It appears that a recordation fee of \$148.70 was charged for this service.



Los Angeles City Map  
No 1

**PLAN**  
*De la Ciudad*  
**ANGELES**

Surveyed & Drawn by

E. O. C. Ord. Lt. U. S. A.  
H. M. Kallen, apt.  
August 29th 1849

| Plants & Ground | Explanation of the Signs |
|-----------------|--------------------------|
| Gardens         |                          |
| Road            |                          |
| Sanja           |                          |
| Hedge           |                          |
| Public House    |                          |
| Well            |                          |
| Tree            |                          |

Scale of 10 Inches to the Mile

Compass Course of Main Street from corner  
opposite Jose, and Cardillo House  $329^{\circ}45'11''$   
Compass Course of Main St. North of the Church  $N 95^{\circ} E$   
Variation of the Needle  $12^{\circ} 44' E$   
 $61^{\circ} 44' E$

15 18 66  
Miscellaneous  
Annotations

14870

09





# Forster vs Pico

A Forgotten California *Cause Celebre*

By TERRY E. STEPHENSON



Crowded with historical data though it is, the files of the once famous case of Juan Forster against Pio Pico, Andrés Pico and the heirs of José Antonio Pico lie almost forgotten in the office of the county clerk of San Diego County. The trial was held in 1873, and the issue before the court was the title to the great Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores, of 133,440 acres, on the northern border of San Diego County. Searching through the ancient papers we find memories of men and events celebrated in the history of California, stirring stories by and of men who played prominent parts in the War of Conquest. Mexican days live again in battle and on the ranchos.

We see Pio Pico, last of the Mexican governors, and his brother, Andrés, who commanded the Californians in the historic battle of San Pasqual, fighting in court side by side against their brother-in-law, Juan Forster, one of the greatest land-owners of his time, for the possession of a principality, one of the few land grants that today enjoys the same boundaries that are described in the documents of a hundred years ago. Tales are told of cattle drives from Rancho Santa Margarita to San Francisco, of rodeos and cattle deals, of the devastation brought about by the terrible drouths of 1863 and 1864.

Judge Benjamin Hayes was an attorney of record. Major Horace Bell's deposition was taken. Don Juan Avila, nicknamed *El Rico*, who carried the flag of truce into Los Angeles for Commodore Stockton, and Col. Cave J. Coutts, one of San Diego county's best known landowner pioneers, were on the witness stand. The names of Juan J. Warner, Santiago Arguello, José Antonio Estudillo, José Antonio Carillo and an array of Mexican governors of California figure in the far-flung investigations of the court into the early history of the Santa Margarita ranch. The names of Frémont, Kit

## Historical Society of Southern California

Carson, Alex. Godey, Gen. José Castro and "Stuttering" Ezekial Merritt are brought in.

But historically, perhaps, the most interesting as well as the most important disclosure of the ancient files is the story told by Pedro C. Carillo of an hitherto unknown expedition nearly 150 miles down the west coast of Lower California, which brought about the raising of the Stars and Stripes at the Mexican village of San Vicente. The Americans negotiating the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo at the close of the Mexican War might easily have urged this expedition as reason for claiming the upper portion of the peninsula of Lower California. The story of the flight of Pio Pico from California is portrayed in a wealth of detail, told by Pico himself and embellished by Forster, who kept the frightened governor hidden in the mountains while Frémont's mountaineers and Indians sought to make him prisoner.

We cannot undertake in this resumé to drain dry the well of historic interest that is to be found in these pages. Dozens of subjects open themselves to view in these old files, some of them merely interesting incidents, some of them exemplifying customs of the day, some of them having to do with events that are chronicled in the pages of California's glamorous history.

The case was tried in the San Diego "District Court," before Judge H. C. Rolfe, and when the trial opened, an array of legal talent appeared in the court room that in itself commands attention at this distant date. Forster's attorneys were Volney E. Howard, W. Jeff Gatewood (who, in addition to being a lawyer, was a newspaper publisher of note, the owner of the *San Diego World*), and Judge Benjamin Hayes, whose name is familiar to every student of California history. Pio Pico was represented by Glassell, Chapman and Smith, one of the best known legal firms of the day in Los Angeles, and Margarita Pico and her children were represented by C. P. Taggart and A. Bronson. Those who are familiar with the avid interest displayed by Judge Hayes in anything having to do with California history, and with the priceless early data left by him (some of which has been published in his "Pioneer Notes") will appreciate, as the story unfolds, that Judge Hayes perhaps drew into this case more of history than the bare legal necessities occasioned.

Juan Forster, a young Englishman, plaintiff in the case, arrived

## Forster vs. Pico

in Mazatlan, Mexico, in 1831, that he might make his way in the world under the wing of an uncle. However, Don Juan Forster needed no wing. By 1833 he was in California, where he soon took to wife Ysidora Pico, sister of Pio, Andrés and José Antonio Pico. In 1839 he owned an adobe on the site of the old Los Angeles county courthouse, and it was there that his son, Marcos, was born. Later, he lived at San Pedro, where he was the first captain of the port, but by 1844 he had transferred his activities to San Juan Capistrano, where he became a great cattleman.

Pio Pico, when Governor, sold the Mission San Juan Capistrano, and during the period when grants were flowing freely from his pen, Forster acquired the Ranchos Mission Viejo and Trabuco, as well as three *ciénegas* in Orange County, a total of 70,000 acres, including the Ranchos de la Nacion and San Felipe in San Diego County. None of these properties was involved in the San Diego court case, which concerned the Rancho Santa Margarita only, acquired by Forster in 1864, by the deed that was in controversy at the San Diego trial.

To those who knew of the close friendship that existed between Forster and the Picos, the trial must have seemed a strange proceeding. Between Forster and Pio there was not only the tie of brother-in-law but also the tie of the Church, for Pio was Forster's godfather. That relationship among the Mexicans, and even among many devout Catholics today, is marked by a depth of affection and personal devotion that perhaps only followers of the Roman Catholic faith can understand. In early California days much attention was paid to the duties and joys of that relationship. The efforts of Forster and of Pio Pico to carry on their friendship and to remind each other of their religious kinship, form interesting and almost pathetic sidelights in the drama that was here unfolded. Once these men broke, however, neither showed mercy for the other.

Pio and Andrés Pico always spent their money with ease, but during the fifties and sixties their large holdings were mortgaged, oftentimes at interest of three per cent per month. They paid when it was convenient to pay; and when this was impossible they stood off their creditors as best they could. The two brothers had acquired the Rancho Santa Margarita in 1841, under a grant from Governor Juan

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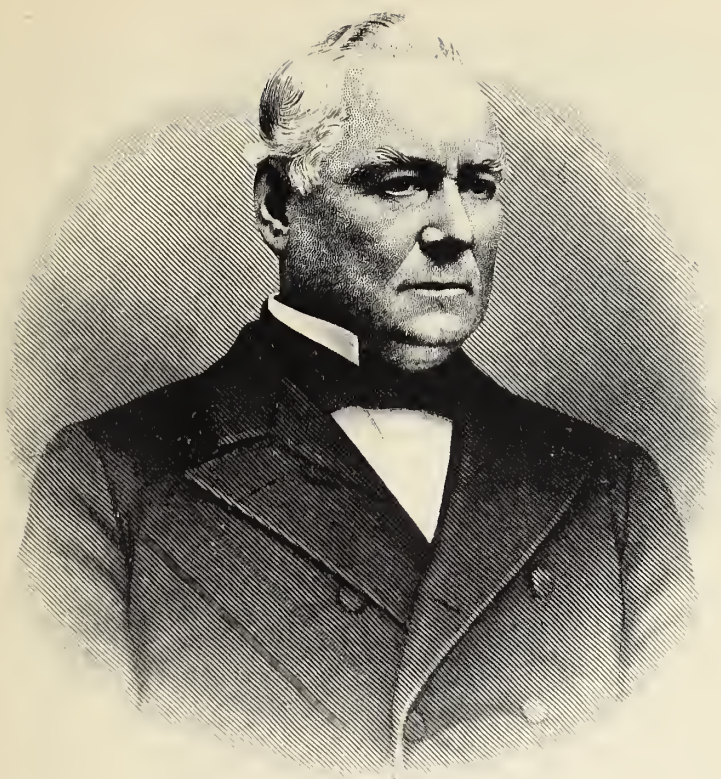
B. Alvarado, and as late as the early sixties they still owned the property, each with a half interest.

But Andrés was hard pressed just then, more so than Pio, and the two feared foreclosure, which in those days even more than today meant virtual confiscation. The mortgage-holder would bid in the property at a low figure, and procure a deficiency judgment for the remainder. All too often, the unfortunate mortgagee not only lost his property but found himself owing as much money after the foreclosure as he had owed before the action was commenced. According to evidence given by both Pio and Andrés, it was fear of Andrés' creditors, who were pressing him from all sides, that caused Andrés to give Pio an outright deed to Andrés' half of the ranch on May 21, 1862. Whatever the reason, the ranch was in Pio's name when a situation developed that caused Pio to deed the ranch to Forster in 1864.

At the time this latter deed was given, Pioche and Bayerque, the San Francisco money lenders, held a mortgage in the amount of \$43,972.30 on the Santa Margarita, bearing interest at *three per cent a month*. The debt had originally been \$102,000, and the mortgage-holders demanded the balance of the debt. It was a bad year; Pio could raise no cash. He offered to deed the ranch and throw in 5,000 head of stock, but the money lenders refused to settle along that line. Finally, to prevent foreclosure and a dreaded deficiency judgment against Pio, Forster assumed the indebtedness, took a deed for the ranch and a bill of sale for 1500 head of cattle and 140 head of horses. He then moved from San Juan Capistrano to the Santa Margarita, improved an adobe house on the ranch, and proceeded to extend his cattle business.

A few years went by. Then Forster began hearing that Pio was claiming that he had deeded only half of the ranch to Forster, and that the deeded half had been the half that Andrés had once possessed. Pio said that when Andrés deeded him his half in 1862 it was a deed of trust, not so shown in the deed, but nevertheless so. Pio said he had never really owned the whole ranch, but Forster had put before Pio for his signature a deed that called for the whole ranch, and because of the confidence that he, as godfather, had in his godson and brother-in-law Pio had signed the deed without knowing





Yours respectfully  
John Norton



## Forster vs. Pico

that the whole ranch was involved. He said he thought the deed was for one-half only, Andrés' half, not Pio's. At about that time, too, Andrés was reported to have said that he still owned half of the ranch, and that the half that was sold was Pio's, not Andrés'. Stories went out also that Dona Margarita Baca de Pico, widow of José Antonio, was claiming a quarter interest in the ranch for herself and her children. Thus, in 1872, Forster found that his wife's relatives were setting up claims to five-fourths of the ranch that he thought had belonged four-fourths to him ever since he received Pio's deed in 1864.

Eventually, Forster brought suit to quiet title to the ranch, and the trial, which was held early in 1873, consumed several weeks. It ended with a decision by Judge Rolfe that the heirs of José Antonio Pico were without right or title to any interest in the ranch; while the verdict of the jury was that Forster possessed complete title as against Pio and Andrés Pico. There was an appeal to the Supreme Court of California, and there, too, Forster was victorious. Though two separate cases were involved, they were consolidated for trial. One case was called "the Pio Pico branch," which concerned Pio's deed, and the other was called "the Picitos branch," having to do with the claims of the heirs of José Antonio Pico, who was known in California by the nickname *Picitos*, because he was a man small in stature.<sup>1</sup> Sometimes he was called *Antonitos*. It was the nickname *Picitos*, however, that was used by the court to distinguish between the action brought against his heirs and the action brought against Pio and Andrés.

The Picitos claim was based upon a document drawn up by Pio Pico in October, 1846, the night before he left the Santa Margarita for Mexico, fleeing from the Americans who had invaded California. Dona Margarita took the position that the document was a deed, that it constituted an acknowledgment that José Antonio owned a quarter of the great rancho. Forster contended that the document was a will.

(To be continued)

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<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Hayes, *Pioneer Notes*, pages 147 and 243. Bancroft, *History of California*, Vol. IV, page 777.

## MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

OCTOBER 8, 1935

*Auditorium of the Southern California Edison Company*  
*Los Angeles*

### "THE PICO MANSION"

The Mansion is a California Landmark and was the home of Don Pio Pico, the last Mexican Governor to California.

Mr. J. Marshall Miller, a graduate architect from the university of Southern California, with slides exhibited surveys of the portion of "El Ranchito" where the Mansion stands. He also showed pictures of the Old Adobe in its various stages of decay. Mr. Miller pleaded for the restoration of this fast disappearing landmark.

NOVEMBER 5, 1935

*Auditorium of the Southern California Edison Company*  
*Los Angeles*

### "THE ROMANCE AND DEVELOPMENT OF TRANSPORTATION"

Mr. E. L. Lewis, Vice President of the Los Angeles Railway Company, entertained with an Illustrated Lecture on the progress of transportation in Los Angeles from the early days of ox-cart, stage coach and horse car down to the present system of city trolley service.

DECEMBER 3, 1935

*Auditorium of the Southern California Edison Company*  
*Los Angeles*

### "THE SPANISH AND MEXICAN LAND GRANTS OF CALIFORNIA"

Mr. E. Palmer Conner, Chief Title Searcher for the Title Insurance & Trust Company, told of his discoveries in the musty archives of long ago. Mr. Palmer took his audience back to the days of the Spanish Rule, then on to the Mexican period and down to the coming of the American. He pictured the dividing of the vast lands into small acreage and now into city lots.













